

The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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OFFICE, 49 EAST TWENTY-THIRD ST.

EVERYBODY CAN HELP.—Now while public attention is wide awake on the subject of women's voting, we urge everybody to help put the right books and the right newspapers before the people. Let each of our present patrons but send us one new subscriber, within the next ten days, and tens of thousands of new people will be supplied not only with *THE REVOLUTION*, but also with that most admirable and convincing of all the statements yet written—John Stuart Mill's new book on *THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN*.

MRS. PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

LETTER II.

CONFEDERIT X ROADS, August 31, 1869.

Mis *REVOLUTION*: You cannot think how tickled I was to see my letter in the last paper. Hunkidors, sez I; now I can tell my troubles to listenin' multitudes. But there wuz wun mistake, my name is Nancy S., not Nancy J., it wuz Nancy Shoddy, and Mis Pelter's name was Ann Smith, but she will allers be called Mis William Pelter. She sez its more stish. But I think that's all a noshun, and I tell her I hev made up my mind to stick to Nancy S. as long as I live, but I book the Nasby on when we wuz married, cause it seemed natural. Petroleum wanted me to rite my name Mrs. P. V. Nasby. Sez he, down in the *Volcano* office, they all thot that wuz the way, but I don't want tu, and I see you allers use your own names, and I shall tu, now that I hev a way of tellin what hez ben in my mind and troubled it for years.

As I wuz a tellin you, I du Mis Pelter's irrin, for she was rich afore she married the squire, and she give up her property tu him. She is suck most of the time, and lays on the sofa, and grows pale and poor. Wall, as I wuz sayin, she give Mr. Pelter all her property, and he wuz to take care of it for her and Susan an her sister. Wall, that day I was irrin, he cum in and set down by her, and took her little hand in his, and talked tu her a long time, and then she said, "yes," and she took the pen, and rote her name in a tired sort of way, and then I see that her ize wuz full of teres, and she put her hands over them, and sed, oh dere, oh dere, then he went rite of, and never sed a word more, not even good by. Jest then, Misus Wiggins cum in, I kept rite on irrin, but one uv my ize

wuz on her, and my ears wuz open, and I herd Mis Pelter say, I have just sined away the deed of Pa's old place. "You don't sa so! Wal I never wood a done it. "You don't kno," sez Mis Pelter, and then she cried a little. Mis Wiggins begun, "You women folks dont kno much. You don't *manage* the men. I can wun round my fingers jest like a skane of silk. I allers hev my own way, and du putty much as I am a mind tu. I tell Sam how good and grate he is, that he is the most splenddest man in the world, and nobody cood make me so happy, and then I give his collar a little pull and his hare a brush and then I look in his eyes and say, oh, Sam, you are the bondsomest man in creshun. Then I defer ontirely to his'jees, and say, in a soft tone, you kno best, and look jest as tho I had no kind of expectashun of havin' my way, but wanted it orfuly. Then he gives in a little, and then I flatter a little more, and then I git low spereted and cry out afore him, but jest as tho I didn't mean he should see it, and I won't tell at all what ales me; then, mabe, I loose my appetite; I coodn't eat nothin but councumbers for two weeks this summer afore I went to Saratoga, and that's the way I managed that. Sam sed he thot I got well putty quick, when I rote him I danced till 2 o'clock the nite after I got there. I tell you there is nothin like managing men. I tell you if them wimen that are holdin' conventions and a talkin about their rites, wood just hev grate meetins, and rite poems to men, and present em with medals, and make fine shirts for em, and slippers, and study how to cook up good dishes for dinners, they mite have good times and get all the munny they want, and go where they pleze. I tell you, they are fools to let on that they want ter vote; they ort to make believe that all they want is plenty of munny. Mis Billings she told Josh the other day she wanted some munny. "What for," sez he? "Wall," sez she, "to git a box uv rasins." Sez he, "you don't want a hull box, they'll all dry up afore you can use em." Well, she got mad, and talked back in a sensible like way, and he stuk to it, and woodn't give her only 25 cents. Foks think Mis Billings rules, but she don't, for she ain't a manager; she shows her cards rite out. If she had sai, "Dere Josh, how well you look, and I du think you are ahead of a most anybody; you ort to be in the United States Senate." I tell you he wood a bliev'd in it, and she wood a got all she wanted; it don't take a grate deal to tickle men. I went to the convention in Saratoga, and I thot I shud kill myself lorfin to here the speeches, they was so sensible, they reasoned away jest tho that was the way to get round un; no such thing, take my word for it. They ort to jest go to Washington and take rooms, and give entertainments, and invite the members, and sing and dance, and give em nice things to ete and drink, and talk and walk and take um out to drive; wy they cood hev it all their own way, and get the ballot, and no fuss about it. Its coazin men want to make um think

you believe all they say and du is jest rite, and that you don't want nothin in perticular, and they'll begin to try to make you think its best for you to vote. I've herd of an old cat that rolled herself in mele so as to catch some old rats, and she did it, tu. Now you jest keep mum about what you want, and putend you don't care about votin, and it'll come; they'll be ready to make you vote.

Wall, as soon as Mis Wiggins was gone, I asked Mis Pelter what she thot of her talk? Sez she, "I don't kno but she's rite. I've reasoned and tried my best to make Squire Pelter think as I du, but its no use, he's mixed himself up with the dimekrats to defete the Constitooshanal Amecment, and he spends lots of money, and then he is not kind to me—not that he abuses me, or talks hard, but he's ice-cold, and I am jest dyin for love, and I don't care what becomes of me, or my property. If I don't give it tu him he looks glum, and if I du its only while he is coaxing for it, that he is in the least kind to me. Oh, Nancy, I don't kno what I shud du if it wasn't for your sympathy." And then she cried her tired little head on my buzzum and slied.

Wall, as goin hum I thot over Mis Wiggins's way uv *managin*, thinks I, I'll try it on Petroleum. I heerd a noise in the house afore I got there, but I had bot three mutton chops, some corn meal for a Johnny cake, and molasses to plesse the children. The fire wuz out, and the house was all topsy turvey, and Petroleum was a taking on orful. I wuz tired, but I thot I wood be cheery, and so, sez I, here's ma with something good. "Wall, I shud think it wuz time," sez he. So I lit the lamp and sot out the table, and sez I, "Pa, I reckon you don't feel well."

"No," sez he, "I don't; I want my supper." "You shall hev it dubble quick," says I, and I did hurry up, made a good cup of tea, had good mely pertatoes, and the chops I knew wood be jest the thing, but I see suthin moren usual was the matter. After a while he let out. Sez he, "there is a pint beyond which human macher cannot go. I hev ben sustaned and sogthed by feeling that our country wuz saved by the rychumes of our govmnt, and I hev held with peccolar tenossity tu the jee that men new their rites and wud never succum, but look at this: Here is a steamer put in order to carry them onsexed wimen to Newport. I hev endowed hunger and cold, I've seen the rags drop of my muskalar limbs wun by wun, and I murdered not, but this last act of my ungratef I country is too much, a steembote to send them coarse, vulgar, onsexed, white-haired wimen to Newport, to talk tu wimen which kno how tu dress in a proper manner, which kno that its the hite of immodesty not tu have their gows twelve feet long behind, and jest short nuff before to sho their putty little feet. And they kno, tu, that its proper and safe to ware a panner in the gathers behind, and nothin cood be a puttier picter than too see their innocent faces a lyin on some noble, strong man's shoulder, and a whirlin along in the geddy mazes of the dance.

Altho its agin the rules of our churches to dance, I can't help feelin I cood trip the lile fantastic toe if I could hev wun of them angels in my arms. James Fisk, Jr., ort to be imited if he sancshuns them wimen, and there it is in print, and I du feel orful. Such a thing was never done for us old reformers, which have "borne the hete and burden of the day." Then Petroleum he got up and walked about, and cried, sometimes kicked the dog and cat, turned over a stool, and rased a general hot house, for when the children git scared with him, things look squally. I hev a large washin to du, and Petroleum thinks I ken do his shirts best uv anybody, so I must say good night; but there is a good deal orto say.

Yours truly,

NANCY S. NASBY.

MY REASONS.

BY DR. MARY P. SAWTELL.

THIS Sunday morning, July 4th, and ninety-third anniversary of American Independence, I see my "golden line of duty, like a living pathway," lying stretched out before me. I have kept back these words year after year, waiting and hoping, watching and longing for a fitter opportunity for the hour to come when I too might add my voice to swell the cry for Woman Suffrage.

There is every reason why I should place these facts before the public, and but one why I should withhold them. In reviewing my past unhappy life, the task may so tax my vital energies as to bury me beneath the last great wave of affliction. For readers, if a tear unbidden wells up from the silent fountains of your sympathies, how much more painful must it be for me to write, when each line, as it were, tears afresh old wounds; and yet if I knew that I should wear out the last thread of my existence, like the silk worm who weaves her own shroud, still I would write. Were I the only one whose happiness has been wrecked thus ruthlessly I should not say a word but bury the story of my wrongs in oblivion, as millions of women have done before me. But in looking around me, and in scanning the history of my sex, I find on every hand that it is the noblest, bravest and best of women, whose fate, if not so bad, has been not unlike my own.

I was born on the thirtieth day of April, 1835, in a quiet little nook, on the sunny side of the Alleghany Mountains. I never heard my mother say that there were any unusual signs in the elements portentous of the black and lowering clouds whose dismal shadows were to wrap my early life in a pall of gloom, but she has many times told me what a sweet, soft, balmy spring day it was, how the happy birds were singing, and all Nature seemed smiling and hopeful of the near approach of the promising summer time, and how her own heart was filled with a new, deep joy when the tiny waif was brought all wrapped in its gauzy enfoldings and laid beside her. The nurse, bending low, whispered "'tis a girl we've brought you this time," and the wave of happiness went out even to the neighbors hearts. There was much rejoicing that the long-wished for treasure had arrived at last safe and sound. The minister's wife was at length blessed with a daughter.

They called me Mary—yes—

They called me black-eyed Mary
When friends and fortune smiled,
But oh! how fortunes vary!
I have been sorrows child.

We emigrated to Illinois in 1843. Father died the next year, leaving mother, who had been reared in affluence, with six small children and no means of support. Owing to the crash of some banking establishment, father had failed in business before leaving New York.

As there were only two kinds of work that women were allowed to do to make a living when thus thrown on their own resources—teaching and sewing—she had to apply herself energetically to keep the wolf from our door. Two years after father's death she married again and we all came to Oregon in 1848. Most of the inhabitants here at that time were old or middle aged, unmarried men. Women were scarce as roses in December, only a few, and they very choice, so choice that buds were thought better than blossoms, so at fourteen I was married to an old man of money, and I found, after the dye wore off from his hair, more years than money even. I didn't marry him for his money, nor because he was old, and I thought him young, nor for love, nor a home, nor anything else, only simply because they told me to. My kind-hearted mother wanted to screen me, her idol, from poverty, and what mother with such an experience wouldn't. How many times did she weep bitterly and wring her hands in anguish at the thought of parting with me so young.

"But," said she, "this seems like a nice man, and a good offer of marriage. Supposing I should drop off, as your dear father did, what would become of you, battling with the great world for a livelihood as I did, and should I advise you to decline this offer and any misfortune come to you, how should I reproach myself." And she told me how many mean, unprincipled men would try to destroy girls and women. "What! men, our protectors, destroy us. My God, mother, what sort of world are we living in?" "'Tis so, Mary, I would be as willing to disbelieve it as you, but I cannot. I have seen so much injustice towards women in this world. They have no chance for happiness; for if a woman is surrounded with every comfort heart could wish, how can she be happy, while she sees so many of her sisters doomed to misery, crime, starvation and death." And then she told me of the terrible haunts of crime in the large cities that are filled with women, and poor girls that are wearing out with working in the factories and sewing with the needle, "stitch, stitch," stitching their lives away till they are no longer of service and then are turned out into the streets to starve, just as we were compelled to turn out our worn out and famished horses and cattle on the great desert plains coming to Oregon, to live as best they could or perhaps to die. There was an intense deep sympathy between my mother's heart and mine. We would do anything, brave any fate, bear even the agony of separation for each other's welfare. I soon found that instead of the nice man, my husband was the veriest wretch alive. Instead of an old man's darling, I was an old man's legalized slave; that I not only had to work until I sometimes fell fainting and senseless to the floor, that my person was his in the eyes of society and the law, and I had no right to complain of bearing four children inside of four years, and before I was twenty, but had to bear blows also whenever it suited my noble "lord" to inflict them. The two first years of my married life were spent near my mother on a land claim of six hundred and forty acres, half of which, according to a law of Congress, was mine,

yet he sold it against my earnest protest to a missionary who came out here to christianize the heathen, but soon forgot his mission and went into the land speculation. When I found my master determined to sell me out of a home near my mother, I turned to the clergyman hoping and trusting that I certainly would find at least one spark of manliness and justice in the holy man's breast; but in vain I plead with him with tears in my eyes, he bought my land and the proceeds went into my master's pocket, and not one dollar of it did I get to buy a book or a baby bib. He took it into his head to shift his domicile and by the law I was bound to follow him even though he might choose to go among [the Hottentots or the savages on our frontier. So with that gentle restraint upon my liberty which Blackstone says the husband's superiority gives him over the wife, he carried me into an uninhabited region, fifteen miles from a white family, where the wild Indians roamed unrestrained and whose freedom I envied. The six years that I lived with this tyrant monster in the Cascade mountains, on the head waters of the rocky, turbid Umpyna, there never was a day but on my person I wore the marks of his cruelty, either by kicks, cuffs, pinches or blows with a stick, and yet he was so shy in his devilishness that he never perpetrated any of his cruelties in the presence of his hired men or neighbors. A negro boy who lived with us witnessed some of his brutalities, but his oath in court was worth nothing in those days of chivalry. My children were too young to tell a tale so damning. I was often in those years late for weeks at a time with some hired man. In the fall of 1852 he left me with an orphan boy, a stranger, only ten years old, for six weeks, my baby seventeen months, and I seventeen years old, and soon to be a mother again. Was I afraid, alone in this wilderness, where the foot of a white man had never pressed the sod? Yes, and the shocks my nervous system received then I shall not outlive. One night there came a band of Indians and lighted their camp-fires on the bank of the river not ten feet from the cabin door. Gathering my babe in my arms, I tremblingly crouched in a corner of the cabin to await the pleasure of the savages. The chief, a noble Indian, named Paloccha, approached me, a sympathetic chord was touched in his heart. He came in and spoke to me in broken English which he had learned of a trapper. I shall never forget his words, looks and manner. "Me no bad," said he, striking his hand on his large, round, full breast, "good! good!" and, pointing to his people, he said "no bad." And as the grateful tears fast and faster fell, he told me in gestures and signs to be not afraid, but brush my tears away, and through my tears I smiled to see the great drops falling down his browed and weather-beaten face. Mine were tears of gratitude and his of pity. Since that hour I have had faith there is some good even in the Indian character. In after years, after the Indians had been harassed, ill-treated, driven from their hunting grounds in the mines, their wives violated and diseased by white drunken sensualists, the dreadful Indian hostilities broke out. Dire was the vengeance they wreaked on the pale faces. Whole families were murdered in their beds, while their houses were burning over their heads.

Dark is the vision I bring to thee,
But a darker sight there is yet to see.

Mr. Harris, a thriving white settler, was shot and killed as he opened his door in the morn-

ing. His undaunted wife dragged his mutilated and dying body into the house while the bullets from the savages whistled by her head. As quick as thought she shut and fastened the door, and learning from the lips of her dying husband, how to load and fire the rifle, she defended her little castle like a heroine. A bullet from an Indian hit her little boy, a lad of twelve, in the arm, and before the echo from his gun had died away, she sprang to the window and taking an merring aim, poured the contents of her rifle into the Indian's body, who, with a yell, fell dead to the ground. The Indians then fell back to some bushes near by, where they kept up a deadly fire through the window at any object that might be seen moving in the house. For twenty-four hours this brave woman stood there with her tried and trusty rifle, loading and firing, while her dead husband lay at her feet, her only child, wounded and pale as the clay-cold corpse of his father, moulding the bullets. All that fearful night the savages rent the air with their war-whoops, and danced around with their threatening torches. The day at length broke and found her ammunition well-nigh spent, with no hope of assistance, and the awful fate staring her in the face of being burnt alive with her boy, in her house, where lo! upon the hills, she heard the tramp of horses and beheld a troop of mounted men dashing towards her house. On! on, they came like the wind, finding for miles and miles on their route waste, desolation, smouldering ruins and charred and mutilated bodies, till here, at day break, they found this heroic woman and brave boy and rescued them from the torch, bullet, bayonet and scalping knife of those murderous savages.

And though these things were going on all around me, yet I feared not for the safety of myself and babes, as I might have done had I not witnessed the kind-heartedness of the noble Paloocha.

Indians have a quick perception, they saw I was a slave and they pitied me. I felt they would not murder me. The settlers in my neighborhood said I was fool-hardy, because I choose to stay in my cabin rather than go in to the block-house, and endure the hardships and dangers of a frontier fort life. The secret was, I had to stay. My master actually refused to take me and my three little babies to the fort, but left me all the days alone, while he hid in the bushes for safety, and when the night came on, this gallant pale-faced chieftain, this brave husband and father, would leave us in the house while he crawled into a hollow log or under the hay mow, so as to be free, in case of an attack, to make his escape. Well might he fear the Indians, for almost his first act in settling on their country, was to pilfer boards from their graves to build himself a shelter, and to steal from the old squaws, whose husbands had been killed, twenty bushels of wheat, which they had gleaned from the stubble fields head by head. I did not let my lips pronounce a word of his unkindness to me. I know how, like a blighting mildew, it has withered every bright hope of my young, buoyant heart. And how could my mother, who had passed through so many bitter trials, bear to know that I was not happy. No! I would let this aching grief, like corroding rust, eat out my heart's core, before I would add another woe to those already there, and with more bravery than it ever took to face a cannon ball, I said mentally, "I will be brave and stand face to face with stubborn fate." I made a desperate struggle to conceal my real feelings from every one, and tried hard to do each task as-

signed me as cheerfully as possible. I had friends with hearts deep and true as ever throbbed in human breast, and though my lips spoke never a syllable of his cruelties to me, yet every one knew I was a slave. Though I tried hard to conceal my real life, and to be to the world a living lie, yet I could not; for looks speak the truth louder than tongues ever do. And when, in 1857, I rose in my purty might, and vowed I would be free, and be no longer his legalized slave, do you think I had not counted the cost, aye, the cost of having my innocent babies torn from my crushed and bleeding heart and given into the custody of the foul fiend who had nearly wrought my physical ruin. When strong men, gray-haired men, came to me convulsed with grief, tears falling like rain, warning me against such a step, saying the law would show me no mercy, that my children would be taken from me, my character destroyed, and I, with a broken heart, blighted health, and defamed reputation, turned out unto the cold charities of a selfish world to die, or perhaps end my days in a house of prostitution. I thanked them for that last word. *Me end my days in such a place!* God never made me to fill such a position. All the laws and law-makers on earth can't ruin me. I will still be myself. "Yes, but your husband has all the money, and he will use it against you," they said. "He will not try to injure the character of the mother of his innocent babes, will he?" "Yes, he will, and mark the words, he will succeed." And this is the fiend you would have me live with, and bear children for a life time. "Yes, 'tis better than to try to escape. Society will kick you out; you will be a doomed woman; your life won't be long, and 'tis better to bear it all quietly and sink into an early grave; there you will find peace." "I do not fear to die," I said. "I have longed for death. But now I will live. The world needs me. I will first free myself, then I will espouse the cause of my oppressed sisters. I will be an abolitionist and work for the abolition of white woman slavery. I should despise myself if I should sit down here to die a stupid slave, an ignominious death. No, I will live, and *you mark my words*, if the laws of my country treat me as you say they will, I will bear it; but *the world shall know it!* If I am to be a martyr, I will be a heroine also. What! shall I live on the life I've been living, continue to wear out my life in bondage, and leave the same fate to my daughters?"

With these resolutions, I left my master's uninhabitable home. Doing up my morning's work as usual, and tying on my sun-bonnet, I took my babe in my arms, and moving towards the glass to see if my countenance betrayed the terrible agony of soul that stirred within at the thought of being separated for an hour from my darling children, my attention was drawn towards my sweet, little five year old Ella, almost my second self, who, fearful of some impending crisis, had climbed upon a stool near the glass, and seemed the picture of despair, as she said in accents of the deepest sadness, "O, mother, take me, too!" I saw only her face, and can never forget her looks. It seemed to me her words would kill me; her looks, so deep, so full of terrible meaning as though she knew it all; the tone so tenderly beseeching, "O, mother, take me, too!" The sound died away with the moment, but the impression in my heart will never die. Had I wavered now in my resolution and stayed a few days longer, I must have sunk down and died. But I must live—live for my children—life seemed worth all it would cost

me. In the family of a friend, I found shelter for a short time, until I could take my children and go to my mother's. While here, my master came to say that since I was determined to leave him, we had better go together and consult a lawyer, see if we couldn't get a divorce quietly, and with as little cost as possible. I went with him.

(To be Continued.)

NEWPORT CONVENTION.

PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS, Chairman of the Executive Committee, presented the following resolutions and address:

Resolved, That the women of America, as well as England, owe a lasting debt of gratitude to John Stuart Mill for his clear, incisive argument, in his late work on "The Subjection of Women," and from this convention we send him our sincere thanks, pledging ourselves to do all in our power to extend the circulation of his valuable work.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to transmit to Mr. Mill a copy of this resolution, and to write him and other distinguished men and women in Europe to unite with us on October 18th, 1870, in a National Convention, to celebrate the second decade of the first extended organized action of women, on the suffrage question in this country, the greatest movement for humanity ever inaugurated.

Resolved, That this meeting shall be held as a tribute of gratitude and profound respect to the memory of Mrs. John Stuart Mill, to whom we are deeply indebted for an able and sympathetic article, which appeared in the *Westminster Review* of July, 1851, giving to the action of that convention a careful and candid examination, and earnest commendation to the movers in it—and that to that article we owe more than to any other human agency the partial cessation of ridicule, and a more candid hearing among the higher literary classes. Also

Resolved, That while paying this tribute to Mrs. Mill, we do not forget Margaret Fuller Ossoli, the first of our literary countrywomen to speak, with her pen, bravely for the right, and whose untimely death cast a shadow over the first convention, and to whose memory we gladly accord the honor she so well deserved, and that year by year we more deeply deplore the loss of her clear head and loving heart, which we so much need in this work.

Resolved, That the history of civilization does not sustain the oft-repeated declaration that in elevating man you elevate woman, but on the contrary it shows clearly that every step of woman's progress has been through difficulties, opposition, ridicule, and persecution, and that her progress has been the result of her own untiring patience and perseverance.

Resolved, That as she has made her way into literature, art, science and business vocations, men have been purified and urged to higher duties and positions, hence we demand that our high schools, academies and colleges shall be open on equal terms to our daughters as to our sons, for, by elevating women, we give to men nobler wives and mothers, and thus men are drawn upward and onward in paths of wisdom and peace.

Resolved, That as the first step towards the elevation of the race, we demand political equality for women, for it is only by the recognition of her citizenship that she will gain the power to make her own place in the state, the church, and the home.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the women in the several states to organize associations auxiliary to the NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION, for the purpose of circulating tracts and petitions, and holding conventions throughout the country. With thorough organization and union, our cause can be pushed to a speedy success.

ADDRESS OF MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS.

One resolution says that the history of civilization does not sustain the statement, that in elevating man you elevate woman.

In an inverse ratio I think it does; for as the slave master is refined, educated and exalted in character, his slave is less degraded into brutishness; he becomes by association refined and elevated, even learned, but is still a slave, subject to all the degradation of slave laws.

So with woman, always an eager gleaner,

thirsting from mother Eve to the present for knowledge, she gathers all the crumbs, appropriates and digests with a readiness which surprises as much to-day as it did centuries ago. But allow me to say I think it is this inverted order of society which produces its chaotic and discordant state, for woman is to-day as much the subject of laws which she has no voice in making as the slave was three years ago.

What woman shall be yet to be seen. It is only in a very few positions that she has tolerably fair scope for her abilities.

When woman forced her way into literature, it was thought as absurd as it is now for her to say she wishes to vote. Then, as now, she was a target for ridicule and scorn. She was a shrew, a slattern, a blue; jibed at, sneered at, her reputation assailed and oftentimes her domestic peace destroyed by the demon of jealousy. Girls were taught that their chiefest charm lay in seeming ignorance, and asked questions with naive simplicity and smiled at the stupid answers.

With a steady perseverance, with an almost seeming obliviousness to all this, women pressed on in this walk, the victory is completely won and the debris of the battle lies thick strewn along the path of the banished. Over the graves of vulgar, obscene books, beautiful flowers of pure science and poetry have grown; those who now write works of questionable morality are compelled to clothe them in chaste language, so that the young are unconscious of their subtle poison.

We are often told that we can boast no Shakespeare; true, but the woman in him in so large a measure, made him the immortal poet of the race. Neither have we a Milton, for we lack that style of innate experiences which will appropriately make us the biographers of demones.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning writes the drama of "Exile," but she does not succeed so much better in pandemonium than paradise, as to stultify the noblest natures she undertakes. It was not she who made herself immortal in *Paradise Lost*, and ridiculous in *Paradise Regained*.

Among our own countrywomen stands Mrs. Stowe, more widely known, read and honored than any other author of the present day.

So, too, will Margaret Fuller's works be more and more appreciated in the future. Neither has her biography been fittingly written, for woman alone could understand and interpret her heart, which was the inspirer of her head through all her life struggles, and when some woman of heart as large as her's is less busy with the work of to-day, it will be done and well done.

And there is yet another woman's name, which stands written in letters of gold, whose deeds, nobler than any, we shall have to boast for centuries perhaps, entitles her to be remembered by women, I mean Frances Wright; and when we have a woman so educated beyond creeds and conventionalisms as to understand true christian acts, her biography, too, will be written, for she was equal to live the doctrine of doing to others as ye would they should do unto you.

In successful journalism women are not so very far in the rear. *THE REVOLUTION*, spirited, sparkling and earnest, is no whit behind any journal printed, and is to-day exerting a wider influence than any other paper, because it is the only truly radical paper in the east, while the *Agitator* in the west is not far behind it.

The *Nation*, always most severely critical, says

of the *Basar*, "it is almost ideally well edited." This is under the care and control, editorially, entirely of a woman, Mary L. Booth, almost without her peer.

Here as elsewhere, what woman has gained for herself, she has gained for her sex.

Again, in science the struggle has been quite as great, and the success as marked. Twenty-five years ago there was no place in this country for a woman to study the all-important science of medicine. She must not know enough of it to judge of her physician's work, while he was as much a household appendage as her cook or coachman.

Through untold difficulties a few women gained knowledge enough of astronomy and physiology, to instruct other women and rouse in them the desire for more thorough culture, but not one first-class college in all the country would open its doors and bid a woman welcome. After much pleading and humiliating refusals some few second or third rate institutions permitted a few women to enter their mystic realms. To this department of science women in France largely contributed. Dr. Meigs says, in quoting from Madam Bovin, "I would give more for the opinion of one intelligent, scientific woman upon any of the functions of nature in her own sex, than for a whole consistory of physicians." And yet, in the very college where Dr. M. was a professor, no woman has yet received an education.

Tired of the humiliation of being refused a just right, women set to work to build up their own institutions. A weary labor, begging, holding fairs, gathering little by little for the holy purpose, and all the while paying taxes and seeing institutions richly endowed rising up on every side for young men. Did man's culture help her here, except, as I have said before, inversely? But women have gone on, and the profession is won. Now, every city has its lady physicians, and the whole profession has been elevated by the entrance into it of these noble, self-sacrificing women, for such they are, many of them, at least, having given up lives of ease and pleasant social surroundings to do earnest work.

It was said of Socrates that he brought philosophy down from the clouds to dwell among men. If that feat were ever literally accomplished, it was by a woman—a woman, too, who had struggled for what she attained, and from whom the meed of praise was long withheld.

Mrs. Marcet, in her well-known scientific publications, gave character to a new era in the history of scientific education, but her name was never given on the title-pages of her *American* editions, because scientific men fancied it a fiction. Mrs. Somerville, just now, receives the Victoria medal for her contributions to science for more than forty years, contributions of such incalculable value that speaking of them, a reviewer in *Blackwood* says, "they disseminate more sound information than all the literary and scientific institutions will accomplish in a whole cycle of their existence." Mrs. Somerville was not a student at Eaton, or Oxford, nor did she have instruction in boat-racing, boxing, or the steeple-chase. She is a lady of unaffected grace, simple elegance and quiet dignity, who, in the home circle, unaided, except in private, has made the vast attainments so familiar to us all.

Perhaps it has been less a struggle for woman to enter the world of art. Here were no great schools monopolizing all instruction. Artists were isolated, often poor, and all struggling to be understood, and like positions make people

wondrous kind. Perhaps, too, the woman nature in a true artist is the secret why there has been in this field a readier sympathy. Still even here there were struggles, and women have found it hard to get a foothold in the charmed circle. Here, as everywhere, the demon of the threshold met the neophyte. Not yet do women boast a Raphael, Fra Angelico, or a Titian. So have they no Reubens, with his monstrous gracing to blush for; but they have an untalented woman, the mother of eight children, who has conceived a picture greater than either of those named, and if not as perfectly executed as by an old master, it is as vast in conception and vividness of thought. I mean Lily Spencer's *Truth Unveiling Falsehood*. Rosa Bonheur has conquered in the most difficult department of art for a woman, and commands the world's admiration—but of what use to multiply illustrations.

If, through the rare gifts of genius and beauty and a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, some woman wins success, she has her meed of praise, is courted, flattered, and used if she can be, if not, she soon finds lions in her path.

While Anna Dickinson threw her fresh, young life into the political strife, she was a paragon of all womanliness, the orator par excellence, the philanthropist, the genius of the age. When she begins to talk of the *Struggle for Life*, for political rights for all women, verily, she is a "ranting scold, she has lost her power, she is flippant, illogical, and ignorant." What is the significance of this?

Another woman steps out of her sphere, and learns an art *unfeminine*—"one fit only for brawny muscles." She is an expert with boat and oar. In her lone house on the rocks she is, perhaps, a real heroine, for daily duties which require patience, sacrifice, and earnestness, mark heroism more surely than some startling impulsive action. Her outer acts indicate a deep, rich nature within. For when the storm arises, and life is in peril, she is ready, with her brave heart and skilled hand for action. She grasps her oars, backs up her boat with the skill of a seaman, and draws in the drowning men. This act is recognized, and justly, too, as noble and heroic, but in this very recognition there is not a little sneering at other women. Miss Lewis takes her *rights*, why do not other women do so, and not complain of wrongs? We are quite aware that complaining of wrongs will never right them. We but show the way of redressing wrongs.

Miss Lewis's heroism was in the outset of her career, when she took the oar; the last and intermediate acts were its glorious culmination, and makes her a Grace Darling, in our nation, and the boat and oar are won for woman, if she have the taste for them. According to Margaret Fuller, woman may be a sea captain if she will.

It was heroic when my friend Mrs. Patton brought the ship into port while her husband lay sick unto death in his cabin. There was a mutiny among the crew, the mate and two men were put in irons; but this noble woman had studied navigation, and knew by nature how to rule. But the real heroism was in the first step—there lay the trial. Why should she, a woman, learn navigation—it was no part of a woman's life to acquire such knowledge; but when she had won success the ridicule ceased. The chance might not occur for half a century again to do so brave a deed; but should that forbid the study to her who has the taste and inclination.

Thirty years ago, when Henry Clay was at the zenith of his fame, and Whittier said, "he is

not yet fallen," Red Jacket, who had heard the story of his early struggles and had witnessed his success, cried out, delighted, "Ah! I like that man, he can swim all day against the current, and drag his canoe after him." "Such is the praise that woman justly earns by the triumphs she has won in the teeth of a fiercer current, and laden with a burden heavier than the western orator ever encountered. A woman in pursuit of an earnest life is at once at antagonisms with all the established orders of society, a fit target for ridicule and calumny.

Thirty years ago we looked on while Clay, Webster and Calhoun were worrying the world with their debates about tariffs, strict construction, and the policy of national prosperity. They were directly opposed, but they were marvelously gifted, and the nation's welfare depended upon every one and alike on all. They *settled nothing* and the wrangling goes on, some new measure perpetually to be carried before justice can be done. The Union is always to be saved, but the all-wise Ruler of the Universe settled one question despite the weakness and wickedness of Legislation.

Verily, I believe if the Caliph Omar could enter our law Libraries and make a clean sweep of all the musty old Law books and revised Statutes as he did of the Alexandrian Library, the world would be better for it. We should then have no bad precedents and could start afresh on the broad ground of our common humanity with universal suffrage for our basis and less red tape to fetter our actions. But for the blundering and hurry of reconstructionary measures which already need undoing, while the constitution was open for Amendments, this might have been accomplished and our new nation had future cause for reproach. I do not wish to seem to be making war upon men, but it is shallow sophistry to say there is no antagonism existing. I must be true and point to it as it exists. It is not of my making or that of my compere, we have not made the laws which oppress one half the world; nor do we publish the journals which make ridicule of the holiest of holies. When I hear it said there is no antagonism between the sexes, I think I show a very superficial knowledge of the great question. If it is a woman, I am afraid she is acting upon the policy of stooping to conquer, of wheedling and coaxing to gain an end. I should despise myself as much if I wished to rule where reason did not direct as though I tamely submitted to a tyrant. It is women whose home lives are serene and peaceful that may dare to speak the truth and look to the far reaching end. They can come in the spirit of beneficence and tell you, as only mothers can, of your wrong doings. We demand justice that a perfect harmony may come from out the discords now existing. I mean to trench very lightly, for many noble men are doing brave service for women, but it is right to criticize measures which oppress my sisters, and institutions which condemn my daughters and yours to lives of frivolity, shuts them out because they are girls, and if perchance poverty should overtake them, condemn them to lives of half paid toil. I cannot forget that society makes its own criminals and is responsible for them, it may make such of your daughter and mine when they may have no mother's arms to fly to, no mother's heart to pity, and then I would that they should have a jury of their peers. I cannot close my eyes to the unfortunate in our almshouses, our reform schools and prisons who need women to look

after them with hearts large and full enough of mother love to pity and pardon. I cannot close my ears to the wail of the murdered innocents that might be saved if women were in these institutions and had the political power they should have. I am not made to coax and beg, nor yet to drive. I listen to reason and appeal to that alone, for with noble men reason is more potent than flattery.

After twenty-five years of work in this cause, I am compelled to say, men and brethren, your constitutions and laws are unjust and degrading to one half the human race. When will you lift from us the ban so that our lives and yours may come into accord? for in degrading woman you wrong your own nobler natures. Give woman freedom, exalt her, and she will draw you heaven-ward. You have wronged us, but still we pray, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

One of the ablest speeches in the Convention was made by the brilliant editor of the *Independent*. As no one could do it justice from his meagre notes, and the reporters were all so much interested as to forget their pencils, we find no report of it in our daily papers, hence we are unable to give our readers that able address to which we listened with the deepest interest.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

BY CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR.

I HAVE been trying to find out how I feel concerning that sensation article of Mrs. Stowe's in the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and I herein give you my thoughts about it.

I am sorry she wrote out her long and hitherto faithfully preserved secret, for this reason: It hurts the woman concerned in the revelation, while it does not materially affect our opinion of the character of Byron. I am willing to admit that if the story could have been told without implicating a woman, hitherto without a blemish upon her name, I should not be much disturbed.

I do not attach any blame to Mrs. Stowe. I only wonder why she felt like revealing the dreadful secret now, and conclude that the recent word or deed of some other man revived the old sensation of horror, and the record of the cause of it came forth. If that story was told Mrs. Stowe by a woman who believed it when she uttered it, it was in verity a burning secret, and we who are wives can partially understand how intense must have been the agony of the supposed outraged wife; and it—as I strongly suspect—the passages from Byron quoted by Mrs. Stowe as proof of his guilt, were quoted to her by Lady Byron, how terrible must have been the impression made upon the mind of Mrs. Stowe, who recognizes the very letter of the gospel, that declares, "that the head of the woman is the man."

But, my dear Revolution, has it not occurred to you, in all the turmoil, that these very editors and newspaper-workers, who are rolling their eyes in horror at this dreadful revelation, would have printed the same terrible charge in their papers, if Mrs. Stowe—or a less responsible person—had furnished it to them; and even sent the paper an hour later to press to get it into the earliest number?

Mr. McIntyre's severe criticism contains one sentence unworthy the intellect of that gentleman, if indeed a man's moral honor has any relationship to his intellect—which I sometimes doubt.

He regrets that "pecuniary benefit should have induced Mrs. Stowe to publish such an article." As the statement has been degraded by the name of "scandal," I will for a moment so call it—but to my idea it is neither gossip nor scandal—I want to inquire of the editors and writers of and for the most popular journals, if Mrs. Stowe is in want of a market for any written word of hers? Was she driven for want of suitable compensation to write scandal? Are gossip and scandal usually sold for a high price? Did the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly* stipulate for fifty or a hundred dollars worth of scandal? If not, why does Mr. McIntyre, in his able criticism, infer that money declared this secret. I wish men and women would—in all criticisms of each other's literary efforts—lean to the honorable side. Call it lack of judgment, Mr. McIntyre, and you will do yourself more honor.

But the idea that all this sensation has evolved is what I am now coming to, and shall, no doubt, in declaring it, show a fearful disrespect of custom. Is the crime Mrs. Stowe thinks Byron guilty of less disastrous in its consequences upon the race, when it is legalized by marriage, than when it is a temporary sin?

Have we forgotten the fact that we legalize this crime hundreds of times in one year in our very city. What Justice of the Peace, what minister of the gospel ever asked the pair before him at the high altar of marriage, what relation or kindred they were? Is there a marriage ceremony that includes that question? "If either of you know any just cause," etc., has never brought out anything as yet. I know a popular minister in Connecticut who married his cousin. His father and her's were brothers, his mother and her's were sisters. A celebrated physician in this city married his half niece. I could tell you of hundreds of such cases. Twenty years ago, in a town in Massachusetts, there were over three hundred married first cousins! and these cousins were born in the same town, and spent their early lives together. Go into any of our older towns, and drop a word of gossip about a native citizen, and you stir up a whole town of aunts, cousins and uncles. It seems to me that a little talk upon this question would do good; we think people know more of physical law than they do, judging from their lives.

When men and women formally sanction by marriage such distortions of nature's gospel, how can they pretend to be so horrified by the same fact unlegalized? I want to say more about this at another time.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

From the New York Times.

ITS DOINGS YESTERDAY, DECLAMATORY AND OTHERWISE—THE NEWPORT CONVENTION AND ITS RESULTS—MISS ANTHONY'S APPEALS IN SUPPORT OF THE REVOLUTION—CONGRESS IN PARTICULAR AND EUROPE IN GENERAL TO BE MEMORIALIZED.

The regular weekly meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Association was held yesterday afternoon at the Woman's Bureau, in Twenty-third street, the attendance being numerous, and made up almost exclusively of ladies. The exercises began at 3:30. Mrs. E. Cady Stanton presiding. The first proceeding on the part of the matronly-looking presiding officer was to introduce Mrs. Clara Fisher Ames, who, much to the edification and pleasure of the assemblage, recited "Barbara Frietich," "High Tide on the coast of Lincolnshire," by Jean Ingelow, and O. W. Holmes's "Young Oyster-

man," which renditions received, as they justly merited, unanimous applause. The exercises were then varied by the indomitable Susan B. Anthony, who (always with an eye to the main object) reminded the auditory that the one thing needful in all great enterprises is the "sinews of war," and urged those present who were not members to come up with their names and down with their dollars. She earnestly put before them, also, the necessity of getting signatures to a petition asking Congress to propose a Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution to confer Suffrage on woman. The demand, in her opinion, need only to be made in order to insure compliance therewith. If all the ladies who desired to vote would make that desire known, the right of Suffrage could be secured within the coming year—for proof of which see *THE REVOLUTION*, price \$3 per annum.

Mrs. Stanton followed with a verbal report as to the late Woman's Suffrage Convention at Newport, R. I. In enumerating the results achieved by that convocation, she laid special stress on two facts: 1. The conversion of a reporter present to the Woman Suffrage theory. 2. A young Wall street merchant had likewise given in his adhesion to the doctrine, and made his first speech on the Convention platform. These achievements, of themselves, she pronounced eminently satisfactory for all the trouble taken about the Convention. As matter of minor importance in this connection, however, she begged leave to state that the landlord of the hotel in Newport, where the delegates stopped, had become a subscriber to *THE REVOLUTION*—an event which Miss Anthony invariably thinks is a great point gained. The good-natured president closed her short address by impressing on her auditors the necessity of so arranging things that every woman may have a trade or profession by which to support herself, if needs be. This, with the ballot, would give them independence.

Susan remarked that, seventeen years ago when a school teacher, she, for the first time, attended a Teachers' State Convention, at Rochester. It was made up altogether of men. Complaint was made by many that men teachers were not looked upon as equals of the other professions; they were regarded, in fact, as an effeminate, Miss Nancyish sort of crew, and never could get into positions of honor, trust and emolument. Seeing where the hitch was, she informed the Convention (the first woman ever allowed to speak in such an assembly) that their imputed inferiority arose from the fact that a large number of the teachers in this state were women; and, if they desired to raise the profession in public estimation, they must begin by declaring that women are able to become lawyers, doctors and preachers, just as men are. She was not a "strong-minded" woman at that time, had never thought of asking for the ballot for women; but she told the Convention a great truth, the good effect of which is becoming apparent. The State Teachers' Convention, at its last session, elected Mrs. Randall its first Vice-President. She begged leave to introduce that lady.

Mrs. Randall came forward and told how it came to pass that she was elected to the first vice-presidency. The thing was done by an old bachelor friend of Miss Anthony, who pressed her election with earnestness, because he knew it would please Susan. This announcement seemed to be highly satisfactory to the audience in general and to Susan in particular.

Mrs. Randall then read Southey's poem

"The Well of St. Keyne," and received a "round of applause," if each lady's tapping the end of her fan gently on the kid glove on her left hand may be so designated.

Mrs. Stanton then described her visit, in company with other convention ladies, to Miss Ida Lewis, of the Newport lighthouse, the young woman whose boating exploits have made her so famous. Ida had heard of the Woman's Rights movement and of *THE REVOLUTION* newspaper. "By-the-by," said Mrs. Stanton, turning to Miss Anthony, "I promised to send her the paper. don't let me forget it." Whereupon Susan put in, promptly, "All right, if she gives me three dollars," which remark shows that Susan fully understands the apothegm, "business is business." Mrs. Stanton then went on to relate that Ida took much interest in the then forthcoming international boat race, and expressed her wish that the Harvard crew might prove victorious. Mrs. Stanton suggested that it would be a good idea for her to set up a school for training young women in the art of rowing (innocently mislabeled by the speaker the science of "navigation,") so that by and by, a crew of American girls might pit themselves against a crew of English women, and win back the laurels that now rest on the brows of the Oxford champions. This idea seemed to tickle Ida greatly, but not more than did the promise of Theodore Tilton, who was one of the visiting party, that when he became president of the United States he would make her his secretary of the Navy. Mrs. Stanton's narration of this interview was received with another gentle rapping of fan tips.

Mrs. Blake found fault with certain articles which appeared in a late number of the *Galaxy*. In one, Mr. Eugene Benson speaks disparagingly of something which he says is only fit for "fanatics, women and lovers." In another, Richard Grant White ridicules the Sorosis teaparties as being places simply where women drink Young Hyson and make speeches. She thought this classing the sex with "fanatics," and throwing ridicule on them for enjoying themselves socially, was unfair. Against the writers themselves, however, she had not a word to say. As unique specimens of "that monster, man," she admired them, in fact.

Mrs. Wilbour moved the appointment of a Committee to prepare an address setting forth the progress of the Woman's Rights movement in this country, to be presented to the Social Science Association at its coming meeting in England.

Mrs. Stanton suggested that it would be well if the same Committee were empowered to correspond with the prominent advocates of Woman's Rights in England, France and Switzerland.

Miss Anthony thought an address should also be sent to the Industrial Convention to assemble in Berlin in October next.

It was finally decided to appoint the Committee, and instruct it to act in accordance with the foregoing suggestions; and Mrs. Wilbour, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. Burnett and the President were selected.

Mrs. Stanton warned the ladies of the Association not to become annoyed at anything which might appear in the newspapers concerning the movement. It was only natural that they should now and then meet with ridicule. Their duty was to go on with the work, regardless of any comments by the press. For her own part, she acknowledged that she enjoyed a bit of fun, even if it were at her own expense.

Mrs. Randall then declaimed the Bugle Echo in a manner which proved her to be gifted with excellent ventriloquial power; and after passing a vote of thanks to Mrs. Ames and Mrs. Randall the meeting adjourned, Susan taking occasion now, as always, to remind the ladies of their duty, to subscribe to *THE REVOLUTION*. Having arranged their chignons, smoothed out their skirts, gathered their paniers into a satisfactorily bumpy state, and put on their prettiest street puffers, the ladies then dispersed.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

COLOGNE—ITS HISTORY—ITS CATHEDRAL.

COLOGNE, July 24, 1869.

COLOGNE was a flourishing city thirty-seven years before the birth of our Saviour; one of the monkish legends declares that the city and the Virgin Mary were of precisely the same age, as the town was founded the year the Virgin was born; the old chroniclers were not probably well enough versed in the chronology of Cologne to discover that this reckoning would have put the Virgin in the list of old maids, at the time of the birth of her son.

But monkish tales apart, history informs us that Julia Agrippina, who was the wife of the Roman Emperor Claudius, and the mother of Nero, was born in Cologne. And when Claudius founded a Roman colony here, after his marriage, he named it Colonia—Agrippina, or Agrippina's Colony—in honor of his wife, and it bears a part of this name to the present day; for more than 1,800 years has the town worn the title given it by the Roman Emperor as a mark of his fondness for his wife, and an attempt to perpetuate her memory, and yet how futile are all such earthly honors! For not one in a thousand who walks the streets of Cologne, as resident, or as visitor, imagines that it is a memorial of the mother of Nero—or when shown the remains of the old Roman walls and towers that once surrounded the city, knows that it was she who built them. It was one of Julia's favorite residences, and she spared no pains to strengthen its defences and to beautify it as well, for she erected temples, amphitheatres, etc., here. The Roman Emperors Trojan, and Constantine shared Julia's partiality for the city, and under their patronage it grew and flourished as became the capital of the Germanic possessions of the Roman Empire.

Under the reign of the last named Emperor, Constantine, Christianity became the ruling religion, but not until the conflicts between it and Paganism had soaked the very ground on which the city stands in blood. Here St. Jerome, with 700 others, suffered martyrdom under the Roman Emperor Maximilian, who, being himself a Pagan, was resolved to extirpate the new heresy of Christianity, which was spreading amongst his army. He, therefore, ordered the whole of his soldiery, under pain of death, to make public offerings to the heathen gods. St. Jerome, the chief of the Thebais or Monkish orders, and Gregory, the commander of the Monkish legion, with 700 of his troops, refused to obey the order, and were put to death.

In Constantine's reign the bones of those martyrs were disinterred by his mother's direction, the Empress Helena, whose pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and discovery of the true cross has placed her among the saints of the Romish Calendar; she built over the new burial place of these martyrs a fine church, which was afterwards destroyed in the wars that have ravaged the

city—but a new one was built, and still stands on the site of the ancient edifice.

But these are not the only martyrs of which Cologne can boast. The Princess Ursula and her 11,000 attendant maidens also died here for the faith. Tradition has it, that this fair English princess was betrothed to a Scottish prince, but being very pious, she had made a vow to go on a pilgrimage to Rome before her marriage, and with great pomp and ceremony she and this army of maidens set out to visit the holy city, and to bear offerings to the Pope. All went well with the young girls until on their return they had to pass through Cologne, which Attila, with his Huns had conquered, and of which he was in triumphant possession. He and his barbarous horde slew the lovely pilgrims, if we may credit tradition, and if any one is inclined to doubt the truth of the story, the bones are shown him; for the nuns have arranged them in a chapel attached to the church which was built on the site of the massacre. This chapel is fairly walled and roofed with the bones, arranged in fantastic shapes and devices, and is by no means the hideous spectacle one would imagine. To be sure these skeleton remains do not call up to one's fancy a troop of lovely maidens, but they were not so shocking a sight as we had feared.

We had seen the disgusting spectacle of skeleton monks awaiting burial in the Capuchin church at Rome, and the more disgusting collection of like mortal remains in Palermo, where they number thousands, and we had dreaded St. Ursula and her boney companions. It was only the feeling that all travellers will understand, that it will never do to leave a city without seeing its principal lions, which induced us to visit St. Ursula's church and bones, as they are among the special attractions of the city—and were agreeably surprised to find the nuns had done their best to make the sight tolerable? not that it is altogether pleasant to the beholder, and a brief examination will content the most unsatiable sight-seer.

No one, after visiting St. Ursula's memorial church and seeing its ghastly treasures of bones and skulls, will feel inclined to dispute the claim of Cologne, that she has in her keeping more relics than any other city except Rome.

Cologne has always been devoted to the Romish faith; even during the times of Luther, when the tide of the Reformation swept over all Germany, carrying off the old religious ideas in its rapid progress, Cologne stood fast. She shut her gates against the Protestant; she burned the works of Luther in her marketplace; she was besieged, taken, but never conquered. During the fearful thirty years war she was often the battle-ground for the contending parties; indeed, it has been her fate to be the theatre of war from her very foundations to the days of Napoleon. Romans and barbarous German tribes, Gauls, Christians and Pagans, have quarreled for her possession, and in later times France and Prussia have wrangled over her. Let us hope that the scenes of dreadful carnage the helpless city has witnessed may never again be repeated there.

Cologne boasts that she is the mother of many celebrated men; among other children, she numbers Peter Paul Rubens. His birthplace is still shown, and the old house has also other claims to one's notice. It was the spot where Marie de Medicis died; the wife of one of the greatest kings of France, Henry IV., after her husband's death, and during the reign of her

own son, Louis XIII., was indebted to the painter, Rubens, for a shelter and a home.

Bitter must her reflections have been, as she mused on her changed fortunes! She who had built for her own royal residence the palace of the Luxembourg at Paris, on whose decorations Rubens, Philippe de Champagne and Porbus had been employed; she in whose honor Rubens had painted a series of pictures which fill almost one gallery of the Louvre now, depicting every event in her history—in her old age, neglected, poor and miserable, was indebted to the artist's charity for a home!

No doubt she remembered the sad prophecy of her husband at the time when he was about to punish their young son for some act of wanton cruelty; she, in her maternal weakness, interceded for the boy, but Henry IV., replied, "Pray to God, madam, that you may not outlive me! For if you do, your son will make you bitterly regret it!" And yet the wrongs were not all on the mother's side. Louis XIII.'s had been a neglected childhood. In her blind devotion to her Italian waiting-maid, Leonora Concini, whom she loaded with riches, honors and titles, the queen paid no attention to the training of her child. One instance of her careless disregard of the boy, among many others, will suffice. She was very fond of dogs, and had a great many in her apartments. One day it chanced that a puppy bit Louis' quite severely, and the boy gave him a kick in return. The yelp of the dog attracted the queen's notice; she seized the animal, and covered him with caresses, reproving Louis severely, although he told her the cause. The childen child left the room in tears, saying to his friend and companion, Luynes, "You see she cares more for her dogs than for me!"

The neglected old age of Marie de Medicis seems but a proper retribution for the neglected childhood of her son. Yet, if we recognize the justice of her punishment, we are shocked that Louis XIII. should have administered it!

But the crowning glory of Cologne is its Cathedral. The world will never again see anything so grand and so beautiful as the churches built in the ages that are past. It would seem, indeed, that architecture is one of the lost arts.

We stood in speechless admiration, and gazed at that vast edifice, so huge in its dimensions and yet so light and graceful in the lines of its spires and arches, so varied and yet so harmonious in its outlines, and were ready to admit that it was a masterpiece of Gothic architecture. We knew not which was most wonderful, the graceful proportions of the exterior, which, in spite of its massiveness, made it appear "the airy fabric" of an architect's dream, or the elaborate carving of every part of the vast building, with its niches peopled with statues, and its clustering spires. The interior is even more impressive than the exterior of the Cathedral. As we wandered in the waning light of the long summer afternoon, amid the dim old aisles and stately columns which the fading sunbeams lit up every now and then with gorgeous hues as they streamed through some painted window, we felt that in no form of art has the genius of man left grander memorials than in this wondrous Gothic architecture. It seemed an injustice of Fate that the name of the man to whose imagination we owe the existence of this masterpiece of beauty is unknown. Later architects who carried out the work are well known, but the brain that con-

ceived and the hand that drew the original plan have sunk into oblivion.

The Archbishop who ordered its construction sleeps in a stone sarcophagus in the church which he founded, and no grander monument could a man well have than Bishop Engelbert has secured to perpetuate his memory.

The present church was commenced about the year 1200, and it has been the work of centuries to bring the building to its present state of completion. Princes, archbishops and kings have taken pride in assisting in the erection of the edifice, and it will be many years still, before the pile stands complete in all its proportions as it revealed itself to the inspired vision of the forgotten architect, its creator.

Chapels, containing the tombs of long-buried magnates, whose history nobody in this generation knows, or cares to know, are shown you. These ancient monuments, beautiful, simple, quaint, or grotesque, as the case may be, do not detain you long; as you are hurried by under the conduct of a guide who, in a singing tone, and in parrot fashion, repeats the names of the chapels and their dead inhabitants, you meet little squads of Americans and Englishmen undergoing the same process. You glance at each other with a look of comic despair, for you all know that you will leave the place none the wiser for this rattling off of a catalogue, but you are a part of the perquisites of the under officials of the church, and it is the proper thing to march on, halt and admire, at the regulation places, and at the end, pay the regulation price for having done so. It would be infinitely pleasanter to ramble round at "one's own quiet will," with a guide-book and one's thoughts for silent companions, but that is a boon which no doomed sight-seer need hope for.

The Cathedral is built in honor of the three wise men of the East, who brought their gifts and laid them at Christ's baby feet. Their bones are believed to repose in this church, and these precious relics are said to have come into the keeping of Cologne in this wise.

The bones were originally in a nunnery in Milan! How they got there, we need not ask, for if we do, we shall get no reply, and shall be none the wiser. The Abbess of this convent, where the bones were interred, had a brother who was Mayor of Milan. This brother, the Emperor had sworn to kill when he fell into his hands. The Archbishop of Cologne offered to obtain his pardon if the Abbess would give him the skeleton kings. She agreed to this, but when Milan was taken by the Emperor, she was told that she might only save from sack and pillage what she could carry out. The brave woman did not hesitate. She took the brother on her back and carried him out in triumph!

The Archbishop took the bones, the Emperor was outwitted, and the Abbess saved her brother.

Is all this true, you ask? That I cannot say—I tell the tale as it was told to me. It is a pretty story, believe as much or as little of it as you please.

But if the tale be true, and if the three kings do slumber in the old Cathedral, they have a mausoleum which might well satisfy even their ideas of original magnificence.

LAURA C. BULLARD.

At the celebration of the national anniversary at Algona, Iowa, on the 5th instant, a Mr. Ingham, banker, took from his wife's arms her babe, and Mrs. Ingham mounted the platform and delivered a speech on Woman's Rights to an attentive audience; after which the banker returned the babe to his wife with apparent satisfaction and pride at her success.

The Revolution.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Editor.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1869.

AGENTS WANTED.—I want to secure an efficient, practical woman in every town and school district of every state in the nation to canvass for *THE REVOLUTION* and John Stuart Mill's new book on *THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN*. A liberal per centage will be paid to all who furnish reliable references.

S. B. A.

THE MORAL OF THE BYRON CASE.

They who do anything to move the world will ever find themselves crucified on the cross of public sentiment, and the multitude will shout at each in turn, "Away with him." If public sentiment were always right on every question, it might be wise studiously to avoid its criticisms, but inasmuch as it is as often wrong as right, to be criticized by the entire press of the nation may be the strongest evidence that a blow has been struck in the right direction.

To our mind, there is more involved in Mrs. Stowe's late article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the Byron family than the one appalling fact revealed. While ready pens on either side are sifting the evidences of its truth or falsehood, we would fain use the interest of the hour in a broader consideration of those causes that underlie these striking facts that ever and anon startle the civilized world.

From the general tone of the press, one would suppose that American editors had lived only in the atmosphere of Paradise, wholly ignorant of the facts of life, of the hideous, disgusting slavery in which the women of every class and clime ever have been, and are held to-day. We have looked in vain through the columns of our city journals for one word on the real sin that both Lord and Lady Byron committed, out of which came discord, falsehood, desertion, disgrace.

From his letters to Tom Moore and her uniform, cold indifference to him, it is well known that he married her for money, she him for a title. Their marriage was the collation of two ambitions, too near akin for generosity or sacrifice. It was spiritual incest unfitting both alike for any pure and holy relation. The recoil sent one to drown sad memories in the Grecian war, the other to propitiate her crime in endless charities. There was no friendship even between them, the outgrowth of a long acquaintance, with admiration of the noble qualities of each other; no love either to knit their souls together and bind the two in one. And in the union both alike were blighted, scarred, undone. His poems are one sad wail of a starving soul for that love he never knew, speaking alike to those who have felt the fullness of its joy and peace, and to those who are starving, too. Her life, though one of usefulness, was a long, dark walk alone.

Twice the world has given its verdict in this case, and twice the tyrant Custom, hoary with age and crime, has refused his sentence on the real wrong.

As to the truth of Mrs. Stowe's statements, we have no doubt; first, because she is too cautious and conscientious to venture such publications without abundant proof to substantiate them; and second, because in woman's subject, degraded condition, she has no protection, as woman, in the heart of man. Our present civilization is marked with as hideous outrages on mothers of the race, in marriage and out of it, as have ever blackened the pages of history at any period of the world.

As to Mrs. Stowe's motive for these revelations, judging from her antecedents, we have reason to believe them worthy and pure. And when a person has a noble motive for performing an ungracious task, a question of taste must be subservient to the public good.

Lessons of individual life are guides for generations, lighthouses on the treacherous rocks, where stately ships have foundered and gone down; and if the living can learn wisdom by the errors of the dead, it is not sacrilegious to unshroud them.

The true relation of the sexes is the momentous question at this stage of our civilization, and Mrs. Stowe has galvanized the world to its consideration. It is a question, too, in which woman will have a word to say, and verily the world will stand appalled as she reveals the tragedies of home life, where the Beatrice Cenci struggle to day in nets set by their own household. This is a blow at woman's natural protectors, that will set many a bond one free and hasten the day when the worst form of slavery, that of woman to man, that has ever cursed the earth shall be no more.

Our low ideas on marriage, as set forth in our creeds and codes, making man master, woman slave, one to command and one obey, are demoralizing all our most sacred sentiments and affections, and making the most holy relation in nature one of antagonism and aversion. And there is no hope for a wise adjustment of our social relations, until woman is clothed in her right mind, virtuous, independent, self-supporting, sovereign and dictator in the family and the home.

Mrs. Stowe's fearful picture of the abominations of our social life, coming out simultaneously with John Stuart Mill's philosophy of the degradation of woman, will do much to rouse wise men to new thought on the social wrongs of the race, for whatever enslaves woman debases man; together we must rise or fall.

While all true natures must feel the deepest pity for Lord and Lady Byron, who, surrounded with all the adventitious circumstances for happiness, with great possibilities of genius, power and influence, yet made their lives a failure, it is hardly to be supposed that every editor from Maine to California, who has dipped his pen in gall to scarify Mrs. Stowe, is impelled by his chivalry for the Byron family.

Few will analyse their feelings, but much of the present noise and bluster of the press, is because of this faithful unveiling of man as woman's natural protector. All alike turn from the mirror that so truly reflects the crimes of our present social system, from which they see no escape.

But the true philosopher, who sees the end from the beginning, the great immutable laws by which light, harmony and love are to be evolved from the present darkness, discord and hate, he has no fear in calmly surveying and bravely battling all the wrongs of to-day, sure of the glorious future that the race shall yet secure and enjoy on this green earth. The calm sadness of Lady Byron's life, withdrawn in the zenith of her

beauty from the brilliant circles she was peculiarly fitted to enjoy, blighted in her prospects of worldly renown, scorned and ridiculed by the pen of him who best knew how to wound her, appeals to the pity of every true woman, and to her admiration, too, not only for her self-sacrificing charities, but for the prompt, grand way in which, like the noble Queen Vashti of old, she severed the unholy tie that bound her to a licentious man and revelling court.

Before women who wield strong pens join in this bounding of Mrs. Stowe with Tray, Blanche, Sweetheart and all of them, let them analyse the real position of woman to-day, and the facts of life as they stare us all in the face. Let the women of every household answer. Can you, looking through your lives, say that the men by your side, in all relations, have religiously helped you to develop all the powers of your whole nature, ever subordinating their grosser appetites to your highest health and happiness?

No, no, the reverse of this is true in nearly every woman's life, until many have come to feel that they were made but for sacrifice. They who would shut the flood-gates against every crime in the decalogue, must hurl back through the ages the monstrous thought that *woman was made for man!* not for herself, for happiness, and heaven.—*Independent.*

HORACE GREELEY.

As some of our metropolitan journals have given spicy reports of the breakfast the "Enadelphe Club" gave Horace Greeley one pleasant morning last week, it may not be amiss to add a few more points that were broached on that occasion.

We may as well confess that a profound sadness had oppressed many of us whenever we remembered that the influence of Mr. Greeley and his powerful journal were in a measure against our present demand for Woman's Suffrage. Yea, and our placid souls have sometimes been moved to wrath, also, at some of Mr. Greeley's public acts, for instance, his adverse report in the N. Y. Constitutional Convention.

Hearing that Mr. Greeley also had some causes of complaint against many of us, we thought best to have our mutual grievances pleasantly discussed on some social occasion.

It had been decided in solemn council that a series of breakfasts should be given to the N. Y. Press, that we might understand exactly how they who wield public sentiment in this country stood on the Woman Suffrage question.

Accordingly, as Mr. Greeley was the most distinguished and disaffected of the N. Y. press, it was decided to invite him first, in order to ascertain how strongly a really able man could entrench himself in a false position.

The ceremonies of Mr. Greeley's entrance, introduction, and seating in a comfortable arm-chair, with the usual civilities to the weather, family friends, and current news, all disposed of, we turned to Mr. Greeley and said:

As etiquette and physiology alike forbid the mention of anything unpleasant at the social board, before breakfast is announced, will you, Mr. Greeley, be kind enough to state your criticisms on the manner in which we are pressing woman's claim to Suffrage, and why some of the leaders of this reform have fallen under your displeasure.

To which Mr. Greeley replied:

"1st. I have always felt that Miss Anthony,

Lucy Stone and Mrs. Stanton defeated negro suffrage in Kansas.

"2d. You are using your influence to-day against the Fifteenth Amendment.

"3d. The Finance, Free Trade, and criticism of National parties and platforms in *THE REVOLUTION* are abominable. If people would only study these great questions instead of skimming on the surface, we should not have so much twaddle in print." Here the files of *THE REVOLUTION* were called for, when Miss Anthony's letter to the Tammany Hall Convention and the serving up of the Chicago platform were commented upon. All these things, together, Mr. Greeley said, showed a kind of hobnobbing with the democratic party that he did not like to see.

Such a bill of impeachment nearly took our breath away, but we timorously offered each in turn a few words in our defence.

One said, if women do not understand national questions, it is the fault of their teachers. If men who have studied statesmanship 6,000 years do not understand that science yet, why wonder that women, who are just waking up to the fact that there is such a thing as political as well as domestic economy, should blunder in all directions.

Another said, our wise men themselves, do not seem to have very clear ideas. Take, for example, this question of free trade. I have read Adam Smith, Say, Carey, Mill, Greeley, Bryant and Marble, and if we had not had an intuition in the beginning (all God gave a woman) that free trade among all the nations of the earth was the true idea, we should have been completely befogged on the whole question still. We used to think that one might safely base an opinion on the statistics of a subject, but in the *Tribune's* letters on "Political Economy," and the *World's* "Parsee Letters," the writers take the same facts as the result of different causes, and make them prove opposite theories.

As to Kansas, said another, "negro suffrage" there was defeated by republican politicians. Travelling in every part of the state, we heard from the people but one opinion. They said, if we adopt the proposition for "negro suffrage," the negroes will flock hither from all the surrounding states, and overflow us with a poor, ignorant, degraded population.

The women who, side by side with their fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, had fought their way on that soil against bushwhackers, jayhawkers, fire, pestilence, and famine, vowed with earnestness and determination that such a population should not make laws for them. We who went to Kansas earnestly pressed both propositions, as universal suffrage was the ground we had always maintained. We have no objection to all men voting, if we vote too, but we do object to exalting every type and shade of mankind into legislators for educated women. We felt very different toward the amendments proposed to the State Constitution of Kansas and the Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

While every proud woman, without compromising her self-respect, might have ardently labored for the measures of the republican party in Kansas, she cannot, consistently, for the national measure of "manhood suffrage" to-day, which, in effect, makes all women the political inferiors of all men.

Another said, as to hobnobbing with the democrats, when the *Tribune* gave us the cold shoulder, should we have scorned the *World* in its advances, and thus had no friends at all.

If republicans ignored our prayers and petitions from policy, and democrats pressed them from policy, as a matter of principle on this point, what is the difference between them? If our real friends are all in the republican party, and we have been obliged to look to democrats for the last three years to agitate our question, so much the worse for our real friends.

Breakfast announced at this point, the scene changed. Quietly seated round the social board, Mr. Greeley said, however he might differ from us, he demanded for woman a thorough education, and as a means, too, of self-support, as he thought it all-important that every woman should enjoy pecuniary independence. He said he hoped to see a wing added to the Cornell University exclusively for girls; that women should vote, too, on educational, sanitary, and reform measures, and have a voice in our criminal legislation, especially as effecting their own sex; but he was not willing that they should mingle with men in the caucus, convention and general politics of the nation.

If women were all that Mr. Greeley desires them to be, possessed of all the rights he says he shall use his influence to secure for them, they might not need the ballot for their protection. In other words, when men legislate for women as wisely and generously as they do for themselves, we may safely trust them to do all the voting, which they will do when they know we have the power to right what they do wrong.

THERE is to be a Woman's Rights Convention at Newport, Massachusetts, this week which is to be a great affair. The female Reverends turn out in force. There is the Rev. Olympia Brown, the Rev. Mary Graves, and the Rev. Phoebe A. Hanford, and there is also Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who preached, but who has the good sense not to call herself "Reverend." Truly great times are coming.

The Poughkeepsie *Eagle* gets off the above truthful (?) and sensible (?) remarks. In the first place, Newport is in Rhode Island, and so we advise more study of geography on the editor's part. The rest of the remarks are in keeping with that mis-statement. The Rev. ladies do not turn out in force, or else Mrs. Blackwell, Mrs. Jenkins, and Mrs. Van Cott, Miss Chapin and Miss Tupper would not be wanting. We do not call in question Mrs. Howe's good sense, but we do gladly acknowledge her ability, and yet say that another reason than the profession of good sense forbids her taking the title of "reverend." She has not been ordained, and is not a settled pastor, nor even regularly licensed preacher. If the editor's knowledge of the women-ministers had not been on a par with his geographical wisdom, he would not have prefixed the Rev. to the name of Miss Graves, who is not yet ordained, but who is preaching stately and acceptably in her native town of North Reading, Massachusetts. Mrs. Hanford and Miss Brown have both been regularly ordained, the former by men-ministers of the first standing in her denomination, with the addition of one woman-minister (Miss Brown) and the latter by men-ministers only. The former was the first woman regularly ordained in Massachusetts—save among the Quakers—and the latter was ordained in New York in company with some male fellow-student of Canton Theological Seminary. The sneers at the "Reverends" was gratuitous and unwarrantable.

PRIVATE letters for Miss S. B. Anthony may be directed to her at Chicago, care of *Agitator* office, until further notice.

MISS ANTHONY'S REPORT.—As announced in the city journals, Miss Anthony made her report from the National Labor Congress, to a fine audience in Plimpton Hall, last Thursday evening. It was remarkable that neither Mr. Walsh nor any of his disaffected competers were there with their questions, which they well knew Miss Anthony could triumphantly answer; this was just about on a par with their refusal to appoint a committee at Philadelphia to examine her credentials. Ah! how often justice is sacrificed to personal animosity.

THE AGITATOR announces that Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony are to be present at the Chicago Convention to-day. Miss Anthony left last Tuesday evening, and proposes to attend the series of conventions already planned throughout the entire west, and gather up a harvest of new subscribers for *THE REVOLUTION*. New hearts and hands are coming to our aid on all sides, determined to make *THE REVOLUTION* the great organ for woman's most liberal utterance on all questions of politics, religion and social life.

A ONE-LEGGED STOOL.—The wise men of the east have all been to Chicago to hold a National Temperance Convention, to form a new political party on the basis of prohibition; a stool on one leg, on which no political party could possibly balance. With such great questions of National life as Woman's Suffrage, Capital and Labor, Free Trade, and Finance, how absurd for men claiming to be statesmen to sum up all their political responsibilities on the one point, of the prohibition or licensed trade of one commodity. And then, too, after narrowing their statesmanship down to this one point, they seem to have been wholly oblivious to the only means by which they could make their party a success, namely, the ballot in the hand of every wife and mother.

LET every one read the life sketch of Mrs. Sawtell, told in the simple, earnest way of one just emerging from deep suffering and degradation.

ELEANOR KIRK's "Broadside from Maine" will be continued. Illness in the family, causes the delay this week.

CANVASS for *THE REVOLUTION* and obtain John Stuart Mill's new book.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20, 1869.

MR. PILLSBURY: I much regret that you omitted part of my letter in regard to Women and the Lincoln Monument, viz., "Why should not Barbara Freitchie, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Lucretia Mott represent the loyal and useful women of their sections of the country—the above being my choice, but subject to the popular will, etc." I don't like to have my dispatches "garbled" any more than did Gen. Sheridan, therefore, Mr. Pillsbury, will you please make amends by giving the above a place in the next number of *THE REVOLUTION*. Allow me to add that I am authorized to receive and solicit donations of money for the purpose of representing Woman on the Monument by the Hon. Jas. M. Edmonds.

Respectfully, MARY A. O'CONNOR.

WORKING WOMAN'S ASSOCIATION.

MRS. ANTHONY'S REPORT OF THE LABOR CONGRESS
—CAUSE OF HER REJECTION AS A DELEGATE—
THE MEMBERS OF THE WORKING WOMAN'S ASSO-
CIATION SHARPLY DISCUSSED—THE ANNUAL
MEETING.

From the New York World.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Working Woman's Association was convened at the hall in Plimpton Buildings, Ninth street, last evening, for the purpose of receiving an account from Susan B. Anthony of her reception and treatment at the recent meeting of the National Labor Congress in Philadelphia.

There was a pretty full attendance of ladies, with a sprinkling of gentlemen; among the former was a number of the members of the Working Woman's Association.

Miss Anthony said: The special object of the meeting to-night is to have a report from me relative to the recent Labor Congress held in Philadelphia. Well, I have been looking over the report as given in the *World*, and can only say I am really surprised I made such excellent speeches. I think I am very much indebted to the reporter for putting them in so good a shape, and making so good a statement of the claims of this Working Woman's Association. I suppose other papers gave good reports also; no one ever heard me complain of the reporters, for they always give me better speeches than I actually make. But after such good reports I hardly know what I need to say on this occasion. There was a delegation of seven members appointed by the Association on the 15th of July; but it was found we were entitled to but three, and finally I had to go alone, and thus become the target of all the misunderstandings. On arriving in Philadelphia I sent my credentials to the Committee, and at first there was some objection, because, through a clerical error, it was not stated that the Association was located in New York City. I stated that I thought it a very flimsy objection, as it was manifest that I was actually appointed by the Working Woman's Association of New York. Of course, that was not the real objection, but that was the question which was debated, and finally my credentials were tabled without allowing me to say a word on the subject, although I had a full right to speak (though not to vote), in consequence of my having been a member of the Labor Congress of the previous year. In the morning, however, the subject was again brought up for discussion, and at length a vote was reached. There were 55 ayes to my being admitted as a delegate, against 52 noes. Now, I declare to you it is my opinion that 55 in favor of my admission was a most magnificent vote, for as it had been stated to those delegates that I was a very dangerous person, and that my admission would be taken as an indication that the Labor Congress was going for political rights for women, those 55 men actually felt they were voting for Woman Suffrage. Therefore, I say, it was a most magnificent vote for a body of working men. 55 to 52—vastly grander than any republican legislative body has ever done. In the New York Constitutional Convention, Horace Greeley reported against Woman's Equal Rights, and in that body of New York's picked men, only 19 were found brave enough and brave enough to vote for Woman Suffrage.

And last winter, in the Massachusetts Senate, only 9 men voted for, and 23 against Woman Suffrage. I again repeat—no body of men of equal numbers ever gave so grand a vote for

Woman Suffrage. Of course, they were not actually voting for Suffrage, but then they imagined they were.

Well, this was at night, you see I was voted into the Congress. But in the morning a word was whispered into my ear that the question was going to be reconsidered, that a telegraphic dispatch had been received from Typographical Union No. 6, to the effect that if the Congress did not revoke its action and expel the delegate of the Working Woman's Association, No. 6 would withdraw from the National Labor Union. In due course of time the proposition was made, a considerable discussion ensued, and finally 63 voted for a reconsideration of what had been done the day before, 28 voting in the negative. As to the charges which were made by Typographical Union No. 6, no one believes them; and I don't think that they are worth answering. I admit that this Working Woman's Association is not a *trades* organization; and while I join heart and hand with the working people in their trades unions, and in everything else by which they can protect themselves against the oppression of capitalists and employers, I say that this association of ours is more upon the broad platform of philosophizing on the general questions of labor, and to discuss what can be done to ameliorate the condition of working people generally. Therefore, Typographical Union No. 6 was wrong in carrying into the Labor Congress a quarrel which it had with me, personally, on account of arrangements which I had made with my paper. I have not the slightest responsibility for the wages paid on the paper; nor am I responsible for the dismissal of Miss Gussie Lewis. I could not interfere in disputes between her and her employer. I believe when a woman sticks to her work she should be paid fair wages; I am a true Woman's Rights woman there; but if she does not do but half work she mustn't expect but half pay. She concluded by giving some additional particulars regarding the votes she received, which, however, were not of much importance.

Mrs. Norton—I have understood that Miss Anthony was rejected by the Congress, on the ground that this was not a labor association. They would not recognize us as a labor association. It was not from any personal feeling against Miss Anthony or the Suffrage question. Well, I think the Labor Congress was right. This association is useless and a sham, and has never done anything for working women.

Miss Anthony—I am very sorry to hear Mrs. Norton say so much against herself. For if this association has been a sham, Mrs. Norton has been one of the principal offenders, for she has been, from the first, one of the most active managers. I always supposed and believed that this association was not only a reality but a success. I believed it was a good plan to call women together to discuss their interests. And if the Suffrage was sometimes mixed up with the discussions, it was to show how woman's interests could best be secured. It was to show how the suffrage was the key which would unlock every door to them.

Mrs. Norton—Well, I don't think the Working Woman's Association has any further existence; and I think they were right in rejecting you.

Miss Anthony—To show the worth of that opinion, I will just explain to the meeting that Mrs. Norton is one of the incorporators of the association, and herself drew up the charter which I have here. So if the association has

gone to pieces from incompetent management, she is one of its incompetents. Anyhow, I do not think the Working Woman's Association has gone out of existence, for I find by the book that there are two hundred members upon the roll.

Mrs. Norton said she thought that the association had failed in its object.

Miss Anthony—If we have failed to accomplish all that we would like to do, we are very much like other people. There are very few persons who do not set before themselves an ideal and strive to bring their work up to that standard. They always fail to attain that ideal but they nevertheless strive after it. Miss Anthony then proceeded to read from the accounts of the Treasurer (Mrs. Dr. Lozier) a statement of all the moneys that had been received and expended by the association. This, however, did not call forth anything in particular. She stated that this had been the parent of many associations which had started up all over the country, and has been the means of benefiting the condition of women. She said: The grandest work that some mortals can accomplish is to talk, and thereby stir other people up to do something, I am ashamed to say that women do not appreciate themselves and their work more than they do. I am ashamed to say that Mrs. Eleanor Kirk, who has herself reaped such advantages from this Working Woman's Association, should write it down a failure in a magazine. I tell you women must learn to appreciate themselves more than they do. You don't think much of this talking; I tell you it makes everything in the world.

Mrs. Stanton said when she read the account in the papers of how Miss Anthony had been treated at Philadelphia, she thought she would return home sad and discouraged. But when she asked her, what kind of a time she had, she replied, "Oh, a glorious time; we will depend on the working men to secure us our rights." There were but few women who could endure what Susan B. Anthony has during the past twenty years.

Miss O'Connell moved that a committee be appointed to draft a series of resolutions condemning the action of the Labor Congress in rejecting Miss Anthony as a delegate from the Working Woman's Association of New York City.

The resolution was carried, and Miss O'Connell, Mrs. Dr. Lozier and Mrs. Stanton appointed to form the committee.

Mr. Gregory hoped they would not be very hard upon the Labor Congress.

Mrs. Sheppard expressed the same wish. From the point of view in which the Labor Congress regarded the subject, it could hardly be said that they had not acted rightly. Besides that they were clearly in favor of Woman's Suffrage; and she did not see any reason to censure them.

It was then arranged that the annual meeting of the Working Woman's Association should be held on the 16th of September next, exactly one year from its formation, and the Executive Committee was requested to undertake the arrangements for the celebration.

The meeting then adjourned.

We call attention to the letters, in another column, from Mrs. Paulina W. Davis and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, endorsing Mr. Skinner's *Blanchir*. We can add, of our own knowledge, that every word written by the ladies above mentioned is true in every particular. See the advertisement on our last page.

THE SLAVERY OF WOMEN.

A SEDUCTION case was settled in the Hartford Police Court, Wednesday, by the marriage of a girl of sixteen to a man of forty-five, who had formerly been thrice married. The girl's false step is fearfully punished while the chief criminal escapes.

Mrs. CATHERINE HEALY, of No. 240 Navy street Brooklyn, this morning caused the arrest of John H. Kingley, on a charge of assault. It seems that the lady was passing through Fulton street, when the prisoner, as charged, seized her by the arm, at the same time stating that he was an officer, and threatened to arrest her. Officer Kirby, of the Forty-first Precinct, hearing Mrs. H.'s cries, ran up and arrested Kingley.

A YOUNG man about twenty-one years of age, named Philip Dunn, was arraigned before Recorder Pope, of Hoboken, this forenoon, on a charge of attempting to murder the wife of Thomas Flanagan, residing in Newark street, near Grove, who he has an idea he loved. It appears that the prisoner, who was under the influence of liquor, went into Flanagan's house, and proposed to Mrs. Flanagan to desert her husband and elope with him. The proposition was rejected, and, finding that persuasion or threats were of no avail, Dunn became enraged, and drawing a knife from his pocket, made a desperate attempt to plunge it into Mrs. F.'s heart. Fortunately, the point of the blade struck against a piece of whalebone in the corset, which saved her life, but the force of the blow caused the weapon to bend nearly double. Mrs. Flanagan succeeded in making her escape from the would-be murderer, and caused his arrest. Recorder Pope committed the prisoner to jail, to await trial.

The *Macon Journal*, August 12, says: "We learn from a gentleman who is engaged in laying out the railroad track on the new Brunswick road, that on Thursday last two respectable young girls residing near station 14, upon the Central road, were on their way home from school, when they were overtaken by two stout negroes, who immediately seized them, and despite their screams for aid, committed a diabolical outrage. Having effected this brutal deed of violence, one of the negroes, who had but one arm, shook the mutilated stump of the other in the face of the eldest of the two girls, and exclaimed: 'I want my revenge, and I'm bound to have it. When I belonged to your father, I ran away; he followed me to the woods and shot me, and I had to lose this arm; do you see it? Now I'm bound to get even with him; and drawing his pocket-knife he severed her arm entirely from her body, between the wrist and elbow joint. The two seconds then broke away and ran for the woods. Very fortunately the girls had presence of mind enough to tie the mutilated arm tightly above the elbow, until medical aid could be procured, and it is barely possible that the young sufferer's life may be spared.'"

A MOTHER IN TROUBLE.—An aged woman named Reilly appeared before Recorder Aldridge yesterday and procured a warrant for the arrest of one William O'Neil for an alleged indecent assault upon her daughter Josephine. The prisoner was committed without bail to await trial.

WASHINGTON, August 21.—The *Alexandria Gazette*, of yesterday, contains an account of the lynching of two colored men, calling themselves Charles Brown and Jacob Merriman, who recently committed an outrage upon a young lady on the line of the Orange, Alexandria and Manassas railroad. It seems that after a preliminary examination of the outrage, the parties were committed to jail for indictment and trial by the Circuit Court of the county; but after the examination was concluded the injured lady confessed to her friends that the crowd present had confused and embarrassed her that she hardly knew what she had said, and that she was ashamed to tell fully what had happened to her. To her intimate friends, however, she said that the arrested men were those who had attacked her, and gave full details of the outrage, which excited so much exasperation that threats of lynching were freely made, and at 2 o'clock on the morning of Thursday a party of disguised men surrounded the jail at Front Royal, where the negroes were confined; one of them knocked at the door, which was opened. A pistol was presented at the head of the jailor, and a demand made for the keys of the cell in which the prisoners were confined. The demand could not, under the circumstances, be resisted, and the key was delivered. The jailor was then locked up in his own room, and knows nothing more of what transpired, nor can any more facts be elicited, except that the cell in which the prisoners were locked up was empty this morning, and that the mail boy from Luray passed about daylight this morning, on the road to Front Royal, a number of strange-looking men.

RECENTLY a number of young men at Middlebury, Ind., decoyed a poor girl into the old tannery at that place, where they kept her for more than a week, feeding her on crackers and such other articles of food as they could conveniently carry to her. They enjoyed their depraved passions to their hearts' content, until the novelty became stale, when they concluded to let her leave the town. She started off alone and penniless, and when in the vicinity of the graveyard, was overhauled by a company of vagabonds, and taken to the creek and ducked until nearly drowned, and this in the presence of quite a number, who refused the least intercession for the poor unfortunate.

J. H. KELLY was charged with outraging a child eleven years of age, at a picnic near Germantown. The Alderman heard the evidence of the child privately, so that the crowd could not listen to the revolting details. Every one was horrified at the revelations, and Mayor Fox, who was present, ordered the prisoner to be locked up forthwith.

Who can contemplate such facts as these, multiplying in all our daily journals, without feeling that some new safeguards must be thrown round womanhood that shall make her sacred in the heart of man?

The enfranchisement of woman will do far more than stringent laws to secure this end. The creeds, and codes, and customs that teach man that God made woman for him—his rightful subject—is the underlying principle of which these hideous facts are but the outgrowth. They who maintain the dignity, independence and equality of the mothers of the race, and teach their husbands, brothers, sons, the same reverence for all womanhood that the pious Catholic feels for the Holy Virgin, proclaim the true gospel of reform. Here is the point of our hostility to the Fifteenth Amendment; in exalting all men above all women, it perpetuates and intensifies the old idea of woman's divinely ordained subject condition, and crystallizes it in the law and constitution of the land, which inverts the most holy relation in nature, making man master where woman should be supreme.

CONCERNING DELICATE WOMEN.

BY HELEN EMIN STARETT.

ONE beneficial effect which I hope and expect to see as a result of the right education and ultimate enfranchisement of women is that it shall cease to be fashionable to be "delicate."

Ill health is doubtless a wide-spread curse of American women, and those who suffer from it are entitled to our most tender sympathy. The heavy burden of pain and suffering borne constantly, and often uncomplainingly, by women wrings the heart with sorrow when the fact is contemplated. Nevertheless it is true that many women, especially sentimental young women, rather enjoy the distinction of being physically frail and easily overcome by any little extra exertion. Indeed! they often feign an exhaustion and delicacy that they do not feel.

That miserable misanthrope, Lord Byron, wrote "there is a sweetness in woman's decay," and who can tell the amount of sentimental, sickly young ladyism that has resulted from it. A school of novelists, that, happily, is fast passing away, always represent the angelic young woman who is heroine of the tale, as slender, fragile, pale, fainting away upon the slightest provocation, exhausted by the smallest exertion. It seems to be the aim of many young women of the present day to imitate her.

There are a few considerations that might effect a reformation in the manners and complaints of some of these delicate ladies, could they but appreciate them. The advance in

physical and medical science enables us often to assign immediate causes for effects. The young lady who has "such a dreadful headache," and who attracts every one's attention to it by her sighs and complaints, may be simply informing on herself as having eaten to excess. The pain in her back which she so freely describes reveals secrets to the intelligent listener that she might prefer to keep to herself. That fatigue of which she complains, and which causes her to recline so gracefully upon the sofa, may either be constitutional laziness, or it may be a feminine stratagem for securing an expression of sympathy from some person of the other sex.

It should be borne in mind that disease and imperfection are essentially repulsive. A person who should continually exhibit to all-around him an ugly wound, would soon be shunned. Friends might sympathize, yet a continual demand for sympathy would inevitably exhaust it. A person who is a cripple or deformed cannot but affect disagreeably every one except those whose natural affection is sufficient to overbalance such feelings. Yet many persons who would assent to the truth of these assertions will yet exhibit their weakness, disagreeable feelings, pains and aches to all with whom they come in contact, with an apparent unconsciousness that they can only excite disagreeable sensations in the persons upon whom they inflict the description of their infirmities.

A short time since I passed a couple of weeks with a family who exhibited a remarkable degree of obtuseness on this point. The family consisted of father, mother and three daughters—all "delicate." The assembling of the family, especially at the breakfast table, was the grand opportunity for all to display their distinguishing infirmities. The father would declare as he sipped his coffee that he hadn't slept half an hour during the night and that he felt "wretchedly." The mother would remark that she was unusually nervous and direct the attention of every one to the way in which her hand trembled when she poured the coffee. The eldest daughter would say her stomach was bad and that she had a bad taste in her mouth, while the others had each some special ail to exhibit and describe. Sometimes as a substitute, we had coughs, sighs, exclamations, grimaces, sudden clapping of the hand to side or head, intended to imply pain. Before I had been there a week I learned to dread to encounter any of the family alone, knowing that I would immediately be served to some complaint. I could but wish they could read what Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "If you sleep or if you do not, if you have the headache, or the sciatica, or if your digestion is impaired, by all means keep it to yourself, especially in the pleasant morning hours."

Contrasted with this fondness for and pride in complaining, how cheering and charming is the young girl, full of life and energy, with rosy cheek, pearly teeth and sparkling eye. It does not lay her upon the sofa for a day to take a morning's ramble. Her complexion tells of wholesome, nutritious food, and you know by the rosy redness of her lips that her breath is as sweet as new mown hay.

That invalid wives very often lose all influence with their husbands is a notorious, yet not a singular fact. Nothing will so soon outwear patience or cool the warmth of affection, as the complainings and disagreeable accompaniments of ill health. Girls, if you would be valued, cherished, beloved, attractive and useful wives, cherish GOOD HEALTH.

We take the following extracts from the reports of the Breakfast given to Mr. Greeley by the members of the Enadelphe Club as printed in the *World and Sun*:

ENADELPHAE CLUB—HOW THE STRONG-MINDED BREAKFASTED HORACE GREELEY, AND WHAT THEY SAID TO HIM.

Some time last fall, and before Miss Dickinson went to California, a meeting of the highest lights of the Woman's Rights movement was called, and, after due consultation, it was determined to form a select convocation of the best women committed to the principle, who should assume to themselves the direction of the whole aggressive movement for Woman's Rights. Of this convocation Miss Anna Dickinson was elected President, and Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Phelps, Miss Susan B. Anthony, etc., were among the chief members. It was further determined that the convocation should be extremely limited and exclusive—none but the very strongest of the strong-minded being admitted; and finally it was determined that the association should take the name of the "Enadelphe Club," or, as a member interprets it, "The Club of Good Sisters."

AS TO THE OBJECTS OF THE CLUB,

they were so extensive that they had to be ranged under the glittering generalities of sociabilities, discussion, propaganda of Woman's Rights, and a general attack all along the line of the male intrenchments. But underlying all these was the settled determination of these few resolute clever women to gain the ballot for their sex.

Now, how should these objects be attained? Already the women are at work through the press, the lecture-room, the working-women's associations, etc.; and recently they have been engaged in the exciting sport of throwing their lances at the butterflies of fashion, and claim that they have been pretty successful. But this did not satisfy them. There is a higher game which has hitherto soared beyond their reach, and for these they have literally hungered, in a word,

THEY WANTED TO CATCH THE EDITORS

of the leading New York journals, and it was the astute mind of Elizabeth Cady Stanton that hit upon a scheme to compass this great end, a scheme at once brilliant, profound, and simple. Mrs. Stanton is a wife, a mother, a woman of the world. She has studied man in all his attitudes, in order that she might know when to attack him with the surest results. Mrs. Stanton is also a diligent reader of the Bible, and she saw that whenever the heroines of Scripture (Ezra, for instance) wanted to enlist the men in any particular scheme, they invariably desired for them a feast of fat things and flowing bumpers of wine; and when these viands had mollified man's nature, then the women plied them with plans and pleadings, and invariably gained their point.

It was therefore determined by the Enadelpheans that they would invite the New York editors *seriatim*—mark that, they thought it best not to encounter the whole batch at once—to some little pleasant breakfast at the Woman's Bureau, in Twenty-third street, and there ply them with argument and flattery until the whole New York press should be gained over to the cause of Woman's Suffrage.

Accordingly,

THE FIRST BREAKFAST

of the season came off yesterday morning in the snug little parlor of the Bureau, which was very tastefully decorated with pictures, flowers, and the elegant trifles that women know so well how to manipulate. Mr. Horace Greeley was the first editor invited, and he came punctually to time. On his entering the parlor, Mrs. Stanton pointed out to him a group of portraits, which, in its thoughtful and complimentary arrangement, must have touched a man so susceptible as Mr. Greeley to the very core. In the centre was the portrait of Mrs. Stanton, lovely in all her venerable attractions. Above, the pleasing form of Fanny Wright, and the noble lineaments of Lucretia Mott. On the left were the sweet intellectual countenance of the almost crucified Mary Wollstonecraft, and the expressive profile of Anna Dickinson, while beneath was George Sand in her male attire, with the long rich locks of hair flowing above that noble forehead, and those eyes that tortured and soiled and killed Frederick Chopin. But, in the place of honor, to the right of this galaxy of modern goddesses, hung the photograph of H. G. himself, calm in spectacles and obtuseness; and having at his feet no other than Hannah Moore, the Bishopess of Clapham. When this delicate compliment fully commended itself to Mr. Greeley's mind he melted all over into a beaming smile, and took his

seat at the charmingly hostile table, half converted to the creed of his elegant tormentors. For it is remarkable that Mr. Greeley, who has aired his intellect in all sorts of strange pastures, has always stood aloof from the Woman's Rights movement. He has adopted many vagaries and theories, some of them romantic and more of them ugly; but to any alteration in the position of woman as a subordinate, politically and socially, to man, he has always been a strenuous opponent.

THE BREAKFAST.

The breakfast table was a blaze of beauty. Huge bouquets were scattered among the decanters. Their perfume was mingled with the aroma of a juicy steak, which was nestled in a fringe of parsley. A baked fish floated in a platter of melted butter. Scrambled eggs, bordered and dotted with sweet herbs, smiled at Mr. Greeley, and pots of coffee, chocolate, and tea awaited his pleasure. Odorous melons, peaches, and bananas encircled the principle flower vase, clusters of luscious grapes hung to its gilded sides, and milk-white rolls threw their incense over Mr. Greeley's head.

THE PHILOSOPHER SMILES.

The philosopher was seated opposite to the portraits mentioned above, and was told that each future guest would find himself added to the number. He laughed, and Mary asked him if he would take coffee.

"Nothing but water. Give me a glass of cold spring water," said the philosopher. "Juicy steak and fried potatoes were" added, and the philosopher was happy.

WHAT THE LADIES THOUGHT OF MR. GREELEY.

The ladies enjoyed the conversation of Mr. Greeley. Though not fully upon the platform of Woman Suffrage, they felt that he had generally favored progress of all kinds, and was beyond the mass of public men exemplary in social life.

The conversation grew witty and brilliant. The sparkling sallies of the ladies were interrupted by startling propositions of the philosopher.

"In Constantinople," said he, "where women lead the most secluded lives, public morals are on a higher plane than either in London or New York."

The ladies had not been to Constantinople, and could not contradict him.

"But," said Mrs. Stanton, "if Turkey is preferable, why not go back to Turkish life? We judge of public morals by the leading men and women of a nation. Has Turkey produced a man equal to Horace Greeley?"

THE PHILOSOPHER NONPLUSSED.

The philosopher was nonplussed. He lapsed into a weak smile, and ate two peaches. He said:

"I agree with you fully, ladies, in regard to the education of women in some trade or profession, by which they may be thoroughly fitted for self support; but, as women have always been in a comparative secluded position, it is evidently in the Divine order that they should always remain in it."

"If Mr. Greeley," said Miss Anthony, "you assume that everything that is stands in harmony with the Divine order, why did the Republican party abolish slavery? We can as well assume that God placed the negro in slavery, as that he consigned women to it. The few have always governed the many, through all time, and it has only been in these days of advancing civilization that we have found power placed in the hands of the masses."

"But," said the philosopher, "the status of the negro has not been so universal a fact as that of woman. There was no slavery in Vermont for instance."

"Nor yet in the territories where there was no one to enslave," said Mrs. Stanton. "We do not judge of a type of civilization by what we see in one small corner of the earth."

HORACE WANTS TO GO.

The talk continued in a similar strain for nearly two hours, when the philosopher said he had an engagement, and arose to leave. The ladies said they intended to invite sundry editors, and asked who should be next in order.

"Ask Bigelow, of the *Times*," said the philosopher; "but why not have several at once?"

"For two reasons," said the ladies. "In the first place, good men are scarce, and we desire to spread these entertainments through the winter. In the next, we wish to stand every man on his individual merits alone, that he may gain no strength or advantage from his companions. The battle might otherwise be unequal."

THE PHILOSOPHER DEPARTS.

The ladies then thanked the philosopher for his visit,

urged frequent calls on his part, that they might enjoy the wisdom of his counsels, and promise a full and circumstantial account of their mutual interview in *The Revolution* of next week. By this time the philosopher had donned his white coat. Miss Anthony accompanied him to the door, and he departed.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

A young woman has been admitted to the course of medical studies in the Medical College of Salem, Oregon.

Miss I. A. Cary has been licensed as an Insurance Agent at Wilton Junction, Iowa, the first of her sex in that line in the State.

At the special election in Horseheads on Tuesday, on the subject of buying a steam fire engine, several ladies whose names were upon the assessment roll voted.

The second bale of new cotton received at Galveston this year was raised by a colored woman who leases and runs, with the assistance of her children, a fine plantation on the west bank of the Colorado.

Mrs. Dr. Sarlin of Philadelphia a few days since removed from a lady in Nagsack, Ct., a fibroid polypus weighing two pounds. The lady is doing well. Mrs. Sarlin is the wife of John Sarlin, the celebrated engraver, and has been practicing medicine with great success for fifteen years in Philadelphia.

A paper published in Palmer, Mass., says: "Whoever rides through the mountain towns of our state during the present haying season, will see scores of women at work in the field. In a ride of half-a-dozen miles last week, we counted thirty women making hay. In most cases they were the wives and daughters of the farmers who own the fields. Men's help is scarce and high, and the women of the family, like true help-meets, turn out and help gather the crops."

Great is the pluck of the women of Minnesota! At Forest City, a few days since, a rattlesnake, with all the impudence of the old original serpent in Eden, entered a house, the wily scoundrel having ascertained that there were only two women at home. These two—mother and daughter—were not, however, to be daunted, for, seizing a pair of long poles, they pounded the intruder until there was no life left in him. He proved to be three feet long, and two and a half inches thick.

BLANCHIR AND THE LAUNDRY.

BY PAULINA W. DAVIS.

SOME weeks since I received from Mr. Skinner a box of the Blanchir with which I have been experimenting, and am ready to attest its excellencies. It gives to linen the pearly whiteness of the new fabric without the slightest injury to the texture, and expedites the labor of the laundry one half. I shall certainly not do without it hereafter, and am greatly obliged to the inventor for directing my attention to it, and shall not fail to recommend it to others.

PAULINA W. DAVIS.

Providence, August, 1863.

BY MARY A. L'VERMORE.

CHICAGO, Aug. 16, 1869.

P. R. SKINNER—Dear Sir: I received six bottles of "Blanchir" from you some weeks since. I have given "Blanchir" a fair trial. I expected to find it a humbug, but instead, if the directions are followed, I find it, in household use, all that is represented in your circulars, and I take pleasure in telling you so.

Yours truly, MARY A. L'VERMORE,
Editor of *Aguilar*.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—I have used one of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines in my family now for more than twelve years. It has cost me for repairs during that time not to exceed one dollar altogether. The machine has

done the sewing for a family of eight persons. I believe it to be the very best in use for family sewing. The machine was purchased in Boston, in 1854, and is still running smoothly, and it will manifestly do good service for years to come.—*Wm. H. Fuller, City Missionary, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

FINE SILVER PLATED WARE—J. L. Harlem & Co., manufacturers of Silver, and Silver Plated Ware, have been long and favorably known at their old stand in Maiden Lane as men of fair dealing and uprightness. There may be found at their extensive establishment, a choice collection of Tea Sets, Castors, Butter Coolers, Baking Dishes, Wine Frames, etc., etc., and what every family needs at this season of the year—a splendid Ice Pitcher, which they have to suit all tastes and pockets. This firm warrants every article to be as they represent them. Give them a call. J. L. Harlem & Co., 41 Maiden Lane, New York.

Financial Department.

THE REVOLUTION.

VOL. IV.—NO. 10.

COST, VALUE, AND PRICE

Editor of the Revolution:

I AM sorry to differ with the authorities cited by J. W. in your paper of August 12, because it is desirable that all who seek a common end should, if possible, agree in their methods.

But the discovery and application of true principles is of more importance than any authority, and therefore, on questions of finance, banking and currency, I feel compelled to follow the teachings of experience, which prove that money must consist of that which has a cost, as measured by labor, and a value for use independent of legislation, both so general, that all nations can adopt the same substances, and all know, by their use as standards, what the word price means, when applied to other products of our labor.

Gold and silver, by common consent, and not by law, have been recognized as money, because they supply most perfectly the conditions required. But they are not the basis of our currency, that being founded upon all those products which it represents. The currency, or notes, or whatever may be the form of the paper, promises, when due, a certain number of dollars, or pounds sterling, and this promise is as absolute in call of all individual notes as it is with bank notes. Neither the one nor the other are payable on demand, practically, nor do the creditors, in any case, desire specie.

But they do require, that in all cases, the paper given shall, when due, and presented for redemption, be equal in purchasing power to the quantity of gold or silver mentioned, so that they may know its value as compared with what they give in exchange, both being measured by the same standard.

I think I may claim to have advocated the disuse of coin as currency, and the substitution of paper, quite as long as either of the authorities mentioned by your correspondent, and I shall not be content until there has been established such a system of free banking, independent of all legislation, as will give us the proper amount of bank notes, or checks, nominally payable on de-

mand (and therefore, as good as specie), and at the same time prevent the possibility of over issue, and consequent risk of loss to the public.

By legislation, we may declare that there shall be certain marks upon our coins, or monetary standards, which shall show their weight and fineness readily, and thus their cost and value. But we cannot increase or diminish the amount of labor required for their production, nor the demand there may be for their use in the arts. We have not the slightest control over either the cost, or value of gold, or any other products, though we can and should insist that the promise to pay gold shall be complied with when required; and that can be done, or some equivalent given in its place as is done now in almost the entire range of our business transactions.

In regard to currency, or notes, checks and drafts, which are used to represent our commodities and make exchanges, we have but to provide that the government, as the agent of the people, and therefore the largest individual creditor, will accept for its revenues only such paper as is absolutely equal in purchasing and paying power to specie, and we shall instantly compel all banks, as well as the community generally, to make only such promises as can be performed, and that is all we need to ask.

Cost and value of all products of labor will change by the action of natural laws and in spite of legislation. The cost of the house will increase or diminish, and the rent, or price paid for its use, will change also. The same is true of merchandise, and consequently, the rate of interest on the currency which represents this, as the lease does the house, will be greater or less, and we shall continue, so long as the word price exists, to pay both rent and interest, because we shall find it advantageous to do so. And we shall be equally obliged to use an amount of currency in some form, proportioned to the amount of our business, as determined by the quantity and price of our labor products, and also, more or less gold and silver, in those cases where the good faith or ability of the promissor on the paper or currency is doubted.

But we may reasonably hope that as civilization advances, and nations and individuals put themselves under a system which will make it for the interest of all to act in good faith and only make such engagements as can be kept by an exchange of other commodities than gold and silver, the use of these to settle balances will be diminished, and paper, which costs nothing, be substituted temporarily, until the creditor can be really paid by the possession of some article of which he is in want.

He is not paid when he receives coin, any more than when he gets paper, unless he melts his own coin, and converts it to some use. But he has that about which there is no doubt as to its purchasing power, and therefore he is willing to suffer temporarily the cost and risk of keeping it on hand, until he can purchase something which he desires more.

This is the secret as to the general use of gold and silver as money, among all nations, and it should be our business to recognize this truth, and then seek to make it possible by not only national, but international, banking, to supply all people with just as many bank notes as is necessary for their business, requiring simply, that if such notes are issued, they shall be always equal to gold, and also be subject to tax as a reasonable consideration for the circulation they have in our hands without interest.

By doing this, we should simplify the whole subject, and leave individuals in perfect free-

dom, and at the same time supply an adequate amount of bank note currency, to be used as small change, in connection with other larger forms, without any risk of our issue, or material loss to the public which now follows the use of the paper on which the banker realizes a considerable profit.

We must remember that all paper used in our commercial transactions results from these transactions, and is therefore but an effect and not a cause about which we can legislate. Legislation may properly insist that contracts to pay money or perform a service shall be kept. But it cannot, with any propriety, undertake to direct how they shall be done, because that is between the contracting parties alone, and they only can determine.

I shall hope that the readers of THE REVOLUTION will most of them perceive that what I have endeavored to state now, and heretofore, on this great question is true, and that sooner or later, all attempts to make paper perform the same office as gold must be abandoned, and each be used in its own place; one as money, or our standard, and the other as currency, or our representative of monetary transactions, leaving the amount of the latter as an effect, to be determined by our commerce, which is the cause of its existence.

— Boston, August 14, 1869.

THE MONEY MARKET

closed active on Saturday at 6 to 7 per cent on call. The discount market continues dull and rates are nominal at 9 to 12 per cent. The weekly bank statement is considered favorable, and shows a continued decrease in specie and a large increase in legal tenders, the latter owing to the heavy disbursements by the Treasury.

The following table shows the changes in the New York city bank this week compared with the preceding week:

	August 28.	Sept. 4.	Differences
Loans,	\$261,012,109	\$262,849,830	Inc. \$1,837,730
Specie,	19,469,102	17,451,722	Dec. 2,017,380
Circulation,	33,999,742	33,960,635	Dec. 39,107
Deposits,	198,754,859	191,101,086	Inc. 7,653,773
Legal-tenders,	52,779,834	55,829,773	Inc. 3,049,939

THE GOLD MARKET

was active and excited with wide and frequent fluctuations, the price advancing to 137½ on Saturday.

The fluctuations in the gold market for the week were as follows:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing
Monday, Aug. 30,	134	134½	133½	133½
Tuesday, 31,	133½	133½	133½	133½
Wednesday, Sept. 1,	133½	133½	133½	134½
Thursday, 2,	134	134½	133½	134½
Friday, 3,	135½	134½	133½	134½
Saturday, 4,	136½	137½	135½	136½

The exports of specie during the week were \$35,184, making the aggregate since January 1, \$25,190,203.

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

continues dull and heavy, prime bankers sixty days sterling bills being quoted on Saturday, 187½, and eight 108½.

THE RAILWAY SHARE MARKET

closed firmer in New York Central, but the business at the Stock Exchange generally was dull, owing to the intense excitement and advance in gold.

The following are the closing quotations:

Cumberland, 31½ to 35; W. F. & Co. Ex., 18½ to 19; American, 35½ to 36½; Adams, 55 to 55½; U. S., 62 to 63; Mer. Union, — to —; Quicksilver, 14 to 15; Canon, 57 to 57½; Pacific Mail, 80½ to 80½; West. Union Telegraph, 37 to 37½; N. Y. Central, 206½ to 205½; Erie, 34½ to 34½; Erie preferred, 65 to 65½; Hudson River, 183½ to 184; Harlem, 159 to 160; Reading, 96½ to 96½; Toledo & Wabash 87½ to 87; Mil. & St. Paul, 78½ to 79; Mil. & St. Paul preferred, 88 to 88½; Fort Wayne, 87½ to 87½; Ohio & Miss., 31½ to 32; Michigan Central, 129 to 130; Michigan Southern, 103½ to 104; Illinois Central, — to 189; Cleve. & Pitts., 107 to 107½; Rock Island, 113½ to 113½; North Western, 82½ to 82½; North Western pref.,

91½ to 91¼; Mariposa, 7 to 9; Mariposa preferred, 12 to 18½.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES

were strong and active with an advance in prices at the close of Saturday.

Fisk & Hatch, 5 Nassau street, report the following quotations:

United States sixes, Pacific Railroad, 110½ to 111; United States sixes, 1881, registered, 124½ to 125; United States sixes, coupon, 122½ to 123½; United States five-twenties, registered, 122½ to 123½; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1862, 123 to 123½; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1864, 123½ to 124; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1865, 122½ to 123½; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1866, 121½ to 121¾; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1867, 121½ to 121¾; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1868, 121½ to 121¾; United States four-forties, registered, 111½ to 111¾; United States four-forties coupon, 111½ to 112.

THE CUSTOM DUTIES

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